

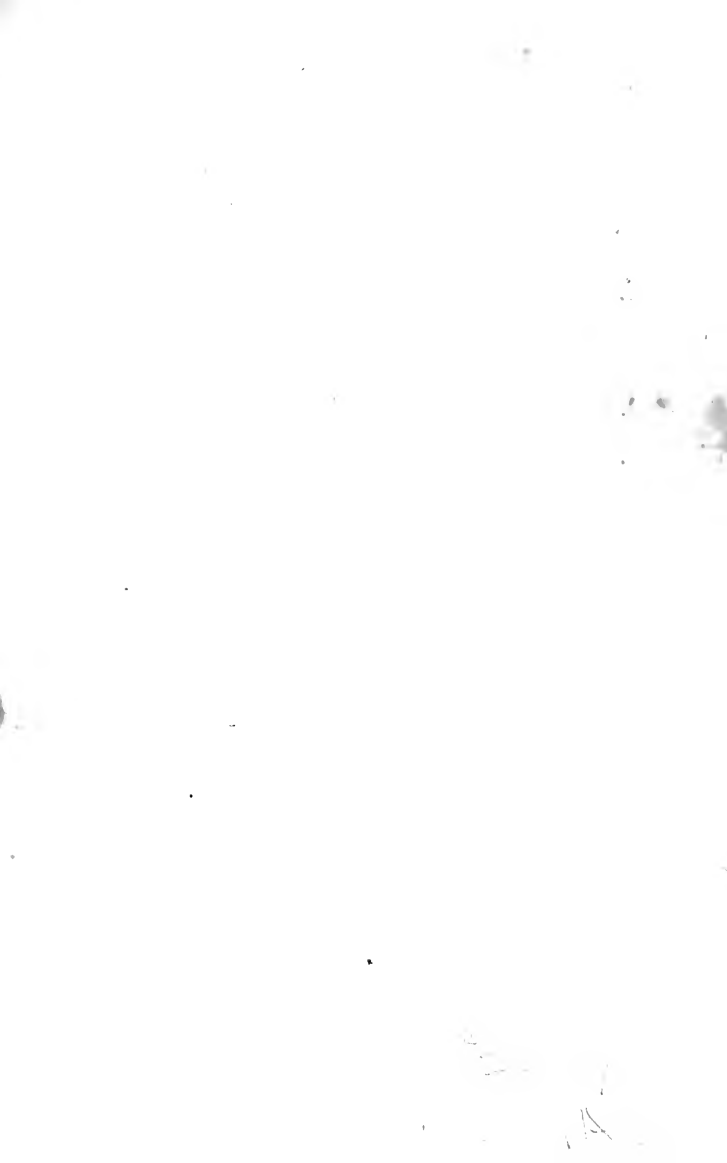
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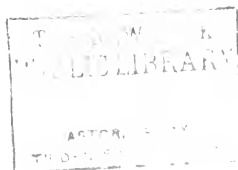


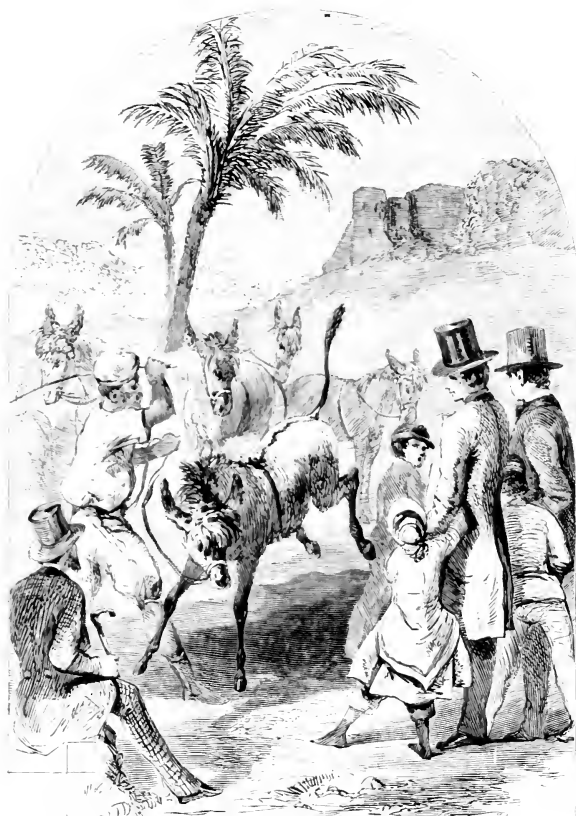
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BUYING A DONKEY AT CYPRUS.

THE CURIOUS

8710/1696

WALTER'S TOUR IN THE EAST.

BY
DANIEL C. EDDY, D.D.,
AUTHOR OF "THE PERCY FAMILY."

WALTER IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

"'Mid many things most new to ear and eye
The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,
And gazed around on Moslem luxury,
'Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat
Of wealth and wantonness"—

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NOTE.

With the next volume, which will conduct the young reader to Athens, and linger with him awhile among the classic ruins of that famous seat of literature, poetry and art, this series of books for the young will close.

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WALTER'S TOUR IN THE EAST.

ORDER OF THE VOLUMES.

WALTER IN EGYPT.

WALTER IN JERUSALEM.

WALTER IN SAMARIA.

WALTER IN DAMASCUS.

WALTER IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

WALTER IN ATHENS.

WALTER IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

CHAPTER I.

FAREWELL TO SYRIA.

TRAVELLERS who pass through Egypt and Syria find it hard work. The dangerous horseback rides, sleeping on the ground or beneath the shelter of their tents, and dealing with the treacherous Arabs, and the wild Bedouins of the desert, make the tour difficult, if not extremely perilous. But when once embarked for Constantinople, there comes the refreshing conviction that the toil is over, and that a few days of rest, at least, are to be enjoyed. It is this easy tour we are to take in this volume, and so after a little talk about Mohammed we will describe the embarkation of the party at Beyroot for the North.

The young reader will remember that the travelling party made a contract with Mohammed in Cairo, which is given in full in the account of "Walter's Tour in Egypt." It will also be remembered that a new bargain was made with him

before the party went to Damascus. These fellows are generally careful to have some informalities in the agreements, so as to be able to take advantage of the traveller. Our dragoman was as honest as any of them, but we are sorry to say that his word was not as good as his bond, and he was not unwilling to make as much as he could. As he had treated the party badly in the excursion to Damascus, and some of the gentlemen had not the most kindly feeling toward him.

"We must settle with Mohammed and his men to-day," said Mr. Percy one morning.

"Yes, we should do so, that he may return as soon as he wishes to," replied Mr. Butterworth.

"Well," said Mr. Damrell, "Mr. Tenant and Mr. Percy can do that for the whole party."

"If you delegate us so to do, we will attend to it," answered Mr. Percy.

So it was decided that these two should be a committee to see Mohammed, and fix matters with him. Mr. Percy therefore went out and found him, and called him in.

"What you want, sah?" he asked.

"To see you," replied the gentleman.

"What for you want to see you?"

"To settle with you."

"Pay me you mean."

"Yes."

"I very poor man, Mr. Percy."

"Quite likely."

"Very poor! plenty poor!"

"Well, what is your charge against us for this Damascus trip?"

"I charge you five napoleons for each man, for horses, tent, and all the other expenses."

"Is that what we agreed?"

Mohammed hesitated.

"No—yes," he said.

"Which do you mean?"

"Yes."

"You know better, Mohammed."

"I am Mohammed Achmet."

"Yes."

"Well, look here, Mr. Percy."

"What?"

"You eat more, ride faster, see more than I thinks when I say four napoleons."

"I will pay you four."

"Now see, Mr. Percy, I so glad to go with you that I don't want any pay, but I poor man. If I rich, I take you for nothing, for pleasure of your company, but——"

"O stop, Mohammed, keep your gammon about the pleasure of our company to yourself, and let me know how we can settle."

"O yes—five napoleons for each man."

"I think I shall give you that, as you did not

make so much out of us in other respects as you intended."

"No, I make nothing out of you. You no buy much."

The money was handed to the dragoman who gave his receipt for it, but still stood waiting as if he wanted to say something.

"What more, Mohammed?"

"Abdalluh's services with Dr. Forestall, sah."

"O we have taken care of that."

"How, sah?"

"We have paid for the ambulance."

"Humph!"

"And for the medical services."

"Humph!"

"And shall settle with Abdalluh for all his extras."

"That not law."

"I cannot help that."

"No law, Mr. Percy."

"We will make it law."

"Nobody make laws but the Pasha."

"We will try our hand at it. But why do you object to our settling with Abdalluh? You discharged him from your service—did you not?"

"Yes."

"And what claim have you on his services?"

"Not any—very much—plenty claim!"

"No, we cannot recognize it."

Still the fellow waited unwilling to leave.

"What more?" asked Mr. Percy.

"*Backshish!*"

"Did we not expressly stipulate with you that we should not pay you *backshish*?"

"Yes."

"Then why do you ask it?"

"It right."

"No, it is wrong."

"Won't you give me *backshish*?"

"How much will satisfy you?"

"Let me count—four, six, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen napoleons."

"Whew!"

"Yes—twelve napoleons."

"Do you expect to get it?"

"Yes sah!"

"You won't."

Mohammed laughed.

"I want," he said, "four napoleons for myself—Mohammed Achmet; two for Abdalluh; two for Hassan; two for Hallile; two for each of the mulemen—fourteen napoleons."

"Mohammed, I am losing my patience with you."

"Why, sah?"

"Because of your extortion."

"No extortion, sah!"

"Man, I shall give you *backshish* for yourself, and shall give some to each of the others."

"You will give it all to me."

"No."

"Why not?"

"I cannot trust you."

"What you give me?"

"Just half of what you ask."

"Only two napoleons?"

"That is all."

The fellow took the money, thanked Mr. Percy for his generosity, and went out, Mr. Percy telling him to send the others in. Soon Abdalluh came.

"We want to settle with you."

"Yes, sah."

"What charges have you against Dr. Forestall?"

"Here on this paper is all."

Mr Percy took the paper and examined it, and finding everything right paid the bill and gave him *backshish* to the amount of two napoleons, with which he seemed abundantly satisfied. Hassan the cook was then sent for, and two napoleons were given to him; likewise the same to the trusty and general favorite of all—Hallile. The two men who had taken care of the mules and horses, hearing what the others had received, also came.

"To you," said Mr. Percy, "I shall give one napoleon each."

"No, no," they both cried, "two napoleons."

"No, here is one for each of you—take this or none."

"We won't have it," they said.

"Then take yourselves out of my presence."

They went away very angry that they did not have the same offered to them, that was given to the others. But soon they came back.

Rap, rap, rap.

"Come in," said Mr. Percy.

The men entered.

"What do you want?"

"*Backshish.*"

"None for you."

"But we take one napoleon now."

"No, you won't."

"What?"

"Not a franc will I give you."

"A napoleon."

"No, not a franc."

"Why not?"

"Because we once offered it to you, and you would not take it; now you shall not have it."

"Ah, oh!"

"Not one franc will I give you, so be off."

The men crept away having learned a very useful lesson, for they were rank extortioners, and deserved such a rebuke as they had received.

It may be very useful to some of the readers of this book, if a passage from one of the most approved hand-books is interpolated at this point,

showing the general course to be pursued with the dragoman by those who employ him.

“Those who come from Egypt will do well to arrange with dragoman and servants there for the whole tour through Syria. This will save time and trouble. Such as come to Syria direct will find dragomen and servants at Beyroot and Jerusalem. They are generally bad and dear. Their written certificates are not to be depended on, for they are *transferable*; and the recommendations of hotel-keepers are worthless, for they are interested. A banker or consul may sometimes be consulted to more advantage. The dragoman is either paid regular wages, about a dollar a day (6*l.* per month); or he contracts for a certain sum to provide everything. The former leaves the traveller more free, but it entails far more trouble; for unless the strictest supervision is constantly kept up, the wily dragoman will make a large percentage on every article purchased, and lead his master besides into much unnecessary expense. If it be intended to make a long stay in the country, this plan is decidedly more economical; but if a hurried visit or a few weeks’ travel be alone contemplated, then I recommend a contract for the supply of every article. The rates have of late ranged from 1*l.* 5*s.* to 1*l.* 10*s.* a day for each person.

“In making a contract there are several points which should be carefully noted: 1st. That guards,

guides, and *backshish* of every kind are included. 2nd. That while the leading points you intend to visit are noted, you have full liberty to vary your course at pleasure, and stop when and where you wish. 3rd. The animals are to be sound, strong, and active; to secure which, personal inspection is necessary. 4th. The camp furniture is to be clean and comfortable, and the cuisine liberal.

“I would further recommend travellers *not* to deliver themselves up to a dragoman, as letters are delivered to a postmaster, to be conveyed safely to a certain place, within a certain time, by such a route, and in such a way, as he (the dragoman) may deem right. Each individual, or each party, should mark out a definite route, which can easily be done by the aid of this Handbook, and *insist* on following it, all difficulties and dangers notwithstanding. It is a very common trick to invent a robber story to prevent a traveller from visiting some interesting spot which happens to be a few miles out of the routine way. Such things ought never to be listened to; and when the dragoman absolutely refuses to comply, let a good round sum be deducted from his pay for not fulfilling his contract. Another hint may be useful for poetical travellers, who, becoming enamored of their dragoman, deem him the very embodiment of truth, honesty, and devotedness. It may be very charitable and pleasing to entertain these feelings, but it is very dan-

gerous to act upon them. It is the unvarying rule in Syria for the dragoman to get an allowance of from 10 to 20 *per cent.* on every article his master buys. This makes the goods seem very dear, though the amount the merchant receives may not be much above their real value. This is a grievous imposition, but it is not easy to avoid it; for if the hotel-keeper or cicerone be employed as temporary interpreter, his commission will be greater still. No information as to history, antiquities, statistics, or even places of interest out of the beaten track, need be expected from dragomen. For this the traveller must depend on his own reading, and his guide-book."

The day following the settlement we recorded above, as Mr. Percy was sitting in his apartments with his family, Mohammed entered.

"Good morning, Hadji Mohammed."

"Good morning, sah!"

"Is anything wanted?"

"Yes, sah!"

"What?"

"I am Mohammed Achmet."

"Yes."

"Dragoman?"

"Yes."

"A good dragoman."

"Yes, if we were going through Syria again, we should want you."

"Now, sah!"

"Well, what?"

"Give me my character."

"Your character?"

"Yes, sah!"

"I have not got it."

"But you make it."

"No, a man makes his own character."

"Yes, I could make my characters if I write with your pen."

"Well, here is my pen."

"Oh, I no write."

"Then I don't know how I can make you a character."

"You write it."

"What?"

"A character."

"A recommendation, you mean."

"Anything you like in English."

"I cannot attend to it now; you must go to Mr. Dunnallen who is sitting in the door of his room over there."

"Oh, Mr. Percy, you the gentleman of this party—Mr. Dunnallen, he nothing at all."

"Oh, yes he is—he will do it."

So Mohammed reluctantly walked over to Mr. Dunnallen who saluted him with a cheerful word and pleasant remark.

"Mr. Dunnallen."

"What?"

"I come to see you."

"What for?"

"To get my character."

"Have you lost it?"

"Never had any."

"The fellow is right," said Mr. Dunnallen to himself.

"You want a certificate recommending you."

"Yes."

"Why did you come to me for it?"

"Oh, sah, you the gentleman of the party."

"No, Mr. Percy is."

"Mr. Percy nothing at all."

"Well, Mohammed, I am engaged just now, and my writing utensils are all packed up, and you must go to Dr. Forestall."

"Dr. Forestall sick."

"He is sitting up now, writing at his table."

"Well, I go to him."

The fellow then sought the room of Dr. Forestall who was penning a line to his wife at home.

"Good morning, sah!"

"Good morning, Mohammed."

"I want something."

"What?"

"A character."

"You do want a character, sadly, Mohammed."

"Will you write one?"

‘No, I am not able. This letter has exhausted me, and I must lie down as soon as possible. Go to some of the gentlemen who are well.’

“Who I go to? no more good but you.”

“Find Mr. Butterworth.”

“Where is he?”

“Somewhere about.”

“I find him, for I must have a character.”

Mr. Butterworth was found, and he declined doing what was asked of him.

“Why you so unwilling to give me character?”

“Because we cannot do it conscientiously.”

“Conscientiously!—what that?”

“We do not think it right.”

“It is right to write what you will write.”

“Not according to our ideas of right.”

“Why you no give me character? What have I done?”

“Do you want me to tell you?”

“Yes.”

“Then I will.”

“I hear.”

“You know when we were in Cairo we made a contract with you.”

“Yes.”

“And witnessed it before the consul.”

“Yes.”

“And included everything in that.”

“Yes, did I not keep contract?”

"Yes."

"We held you to it. When you were disposed to do wrong, we referred to the contract, and told you we would not pay you, if you did not fulfill it."

"Yes."

"But when we went to Damascus, we did not make a written agreement."

"No."

"We took your word."

"Yes."

"And you took advantage of us."

"A little."

"That is what we complain of."

"That nothing at all."

"Yes, it is much."

"No, for what I not make agreement in writing but to take advantage of you?"

"That is it, you intended to take advantage."

"A little—just a little."

"And that is why we cannot conscientiously give you a recommendation that will do you any good."

"But I must have a character."

"Then you should not have lied to us."

"I lie?"

"Yes."

"I am Mohammed Achmet."

"But we could not believe anything you said."

"Arab no lie—Franks lie."

"We will not debate that point. Go to Mr.

Percy, and whatever he can write for you, the rest of us will probably sign."

"Mr. Percy nothing at all."

"Yes, go to him."

So Mohammed went back to Mr. Percy, and with much smooth speech and many flattering words approached him, at the end of which he again said,

"Mr. Percy, I want my character."

"Have you asked the other gentlemen?"

"Yes."

"Won't they write it for you?"

"No, sah!"

"Well, then Mohammed, I will. We have found you every way competent to your work, and trusted you. You were very faithful while under the contract, and we could complain of nothing while that was in force, but when we trusted your word, we were deceived by you. But I think you are as good as your race, and shall say so, though I shall not be able to give you as good a character as I should have done if you had asked for it before we went to Damascus."

"I take what you give."

Mr. Percy wrote the following document :

CERTIFICATE.

"The undersigned, a party of American travelers, employed Mohammed Achmet as dragoman, to take us through Syria and the Holy Land, which he has done safely and expeditiously. We found

him capable, intelligent, and fully equal to his work. Were we to take the same tour again, we should employ the same man in preference to any other dragoman that we have seen. He is sharp enough to cheat us, and also sharp enough to prevent others from cheating us. He understands his business, looks ahead to foresee the emergencies that may arise, and is prompt in meeting them. The traveller employing him must put him under contract, and hold him to it.

“With these statements we cordially recommend Mohammed to any American travellers who may wish the services of a dragoman. Abdalluh has been a good assistant; Hassan is a capital cook, no better can be found; and Hallile is a truly faithful servant of all work.

“Signed,

“PETER PERCY.”

To this document all the gentlemen appended their names, being willing to say as much as Mr. Percy had done. And in justice to Mohammed we should say that he is one of the best of the dragomen of the East. He is an Arab and a Moslem, and has his faults, but he is an efficient servant, and but for a little attempt to overreach and extort in the Damascus affair would have received the unqualified commendation of the whole party.

When Mr. Percy read him the document he was much pleased, and was profuse in his thanks.

"What good will that do you?" asked Mr. Percy.

"Two goods."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, I show this to American travellers, and they say, 'We know Mr. Percy, and Mr. Tenant, and we will take Mohammed Achmet for our dragoman.' That is one good."

"What is the other?"

"Mr. Percy."

"Well?"

"You know the contract."

"Yes."

"That signed by you, and my seal put to it."

"Yes."

"And the consul witnessed it."

"Yes."

"Well, if I go back to Cairo, and not bring a line from you saying that I took you through safely, he will say, 'Mohammed Achmet, where is Mr. Percy and the American travellers?' and when I tell him you gone have home, he say, 'Where the character?' and when I not able to show character, he take me to the pasha."

"And what of that?"

"The pasha ask for character."

"You could tell him we would not give it."

"Then he say, 'Mohammed Achmet, you bad dragoman, and I punish you.'"

"What would he do to you?"

"Something bad."

"What?"

"Worse than put in prison."

"Ah!"

"Worse than bastinado."

"Poor fellow."

"I be poor fellow, go back without character."

"But how would he punish you?"

"He cut my neck right off—right off."

The poor dragoman who was thoroughly frightened at the idea of going back without a character, was very graphic in the description of the fate that awaited him in case he should return without a declaration from the travellers, that he had faithfully performed his part of the contract.

And here we part company with Mohammed who has been with us all through Syria. He will return to Egypt while we shall go to Constantinople and other Turkish cities.

The party left Beyroot on Sabbath afternoon. They were quite unwilling to do so, being conscientiously opposed to travelling on the Lord's day. But that was the steamer's time, and there was no other, and it seemed to be a necessity. So just at evening they went on board, leaving a little company of friends standing on the shore to wish them prosperity in their voyage.

Minnie stood on the deck waving her handkerchief until long after the forms of those who stood on the shore had ceased to appear distinctly, and the shadows of evening had settled down upon the deep, and then with her young companions turned to inspect the vessel on which they had taken passage.

CHAPTER II.

DONKEY PURCHASE AT CYPRUS.

THE steamer on which they had taken passage from Beyroot was the *Italia*, an Austrian steamer which had on board two hundred Greek pilgrims, who had been on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and were returning. They were packed upon deck like swine, in little pens, and were very miserable, dirty, and filthy. They kept up a constant talk in their own language, or amused the other travellers by their plaintive songs, or their frequent quarrels among themselves. These pilgrims were not cleanly persons, and they had brought on board with them swarms of fleas that filled the whole vessel, even the elegant cabins not being free from them.

Mr. Percy and his wife, with Minnie, had taken state-rooms in the first cabin, and were tolerably free from the annoyance, but the rest of the party including the two boys, had taken passage in the second cabin, which was a large well-fitted apartment, with berths on both sides of it. As a conflict with fleas is a necessary part of a voyage up or down this sea, we will give the experience of the

party on their first night out. They all had remained on deck up to a late hour, and enjoyed the evening very much. One thing they had seen surprised the boys very much.

“What was it?” asks the young reader.

It was this: a black man with a white slave Mr. Tenant, in walking about, had discovered an aged, filthy, ugly negro, and sitting by his side was a beautiful Circassian girl, nearly white. He had inquired the relations of the two persons, and found that the young girl was the old man’s slave. He became interested and came back and told the others what he had seen.

“Where are they?” asked Walter.

Mr. Tenant pointed in the direction.

“Will they let me look at them?”

“Of course.”

“I’ll go there.”

“Be careful not to let them observe you.”

“Why not?”

“Because they would think you rude.”

“Where would the rudeness be?”;

“In staring at them. What if some person should come this way and stare at us, as if we were mere camels?”

“Oh, I see. I’ll be careful that they don’t notice me.”

The two boys went in the direction which Mr

Tenant had pointed, and saw the old negro and his slave. Soon they came back.

"That is too bad," exclaimed Harry indignantly.

"What is too bad?" asked one.

"To see that white girl in slavery to that black man."

"And what of that?"

"Why, it is barbarous."

"Any more so than if the old man was the slave of the young girl?"

"It seems more unnatural."

"Why so?"

"Why, she is white!"

"Is it any worse to make a slave of a white person than of a black one?"

"Yes, indeed."

"How worse?"

"Well, it is worse, I know. I have always been taught so."

"Your teaching may be wrong."

"But did not God make the black race to be slaves?"

"I have never seen any evidence of it."

"Well, I don't know about it, but I think it a shame for that pretty white girl to be enslaved by that black man."

"Certainly, it is."

"Where did he get her?"

"He bought her."

"Somewhere in Egypt, and is to make her his wife."

"Wife? Mercy!"

"Yes, his wife. Men often buy wives in slaveholding countries. When we reach Smyrna we shall visit some of the slave markets, and we shall see some illustrations of slavery, such as we never have dreamed of."

They conversed about the poor slave girl some time, and then went down below.

"I don't believe we shall sleep much to-night," said Mr. Tenant as they prepared to retire.

"Why not?" asked Walter.

"Because this vessel is full of fleas that have been brought on board by these pilgrims."

"It won't make much difference with me."

"I think I can stand their attacks," added Harry.

But they found that it was very difficult for any of them to stand the attacks. No sooner were they in the berths than they began to experience the annoyance.

"Oh dear, dear," said Mr. Allston, as he turned over heavily.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Butterworth, who always took things coolly.

"Matter! Why, I have got forty thousand matters biting me."

"Imagination" said Mr. Damrell quietly.

"I should think it was," cried Dr. Forestall, half

in anger and half in despair, "they will lug me off before morning."

"The doctor exaggerates," whispered Walter.

"No, he don't, if he is as bad off as I am," answered Harry.

"Oh, I can't stand this," exclaimed Mr. Tenant as he sprang from his berth.

"Nor I," said Mr. Dunnallen as he followed.

"Ugh!" exclaimed an Arab lifting his head, and looking out in anger at being disturbed. Fleas never disturb the Arabs.

"I should think it was 'ugh!'" exclaimed Mr. Tenant turning and looking at the fellow.

"Ugh! ugh!" replied the man.

"What did you say?"

"Ugh!"

"Well, 'ugh!' it is then I suppose, but I don't know what you mean."

"*De quoi s'agit-il là?*" (What's the matter there?) chattered a little Frenchman as he put his head out of his berth.

Mr. Tenant turned and looked at him in amazement. He uttered his sentence so fast that Mr. Tenant could not tell what he said.

The cabin by this time was in a complete uproar. The English and American passengers all joined in a hearty laugh. The Arab scolded, the Frenchman chattered, and the others laughed.

At length one by one they got into their berths,

and after a long time got asleep, though in the morning the boys declared it to be the most hideous night they ever knew."

When the morning dawned they were all on deck before the sun was up, and in the haze of the morning saw before them an island which looked like a mound of green foliage in the bosom of the sea.

"What place is that?" asked Harry of his young friend.

"Cyprus, father says."

"Shall we go ashore?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"How long do we stop here?"

"Nearly all day."

"What for?"

"To load and unload."

"I don't see as there is anybody on the island."

"There are one or two towns, and father says there is considerable trade here."

Just while they were conversing, the haze cleared away, and they saw the outlines of a town on the shore.

"What is it?" asked Harry.

"Don't know," answered the other boy. "Let us ask Mr. Tenant."

That gentleman who was looking off upon the town told them that it was Larnica, that there were about one hundred thousand inhabitants on the island, that it was a tract of land one hundred and

forty-eight miles long and forty miles wide, and that it contained an area of four thousand five hundred square miles.

After a long time they were allowed to go on shore, and the whole party repaired to the consulate, where they made the acquaintance of the consul, who gave them much valuable information about the island and its inhabitants.

"I wish to make a purchase here," said Mr. Bradley.

"Of what?" asked the consul.

"Of some of the wine of the island. I have heard that it is of famous quality."

"Yes, there are several kinds, and if you wish to buy, I will send for a wine-merchant, who will show you to his vaults."

So the wine-merchant was sent for, and Mr. Bradley, with Mr. Tenant, went with him to the vaults, where they each purchased considerable quantities of a wine called the *Commanderie*, made from grapes grown in a famous vine-yard, once the property of the knights of Malta. While they were about making this purchase, the rest of the party went down to the beach, and, finding a nice place where the water rolled up sparkling upon a pebbly shore, divested themselves of their clothing, and went into the water, and had a grand bath. The boys remained in the water some time after the gentlemen had come out, and Harry who was an

excellent swimmer had ventured some distance out from land. All at once they were startled by a shriek, and on turning saw the lad making for the shore with all haste.

"Sharks! sharks! sharks!" he shouted.

Walter who was yet in the water dashed out to him, but could see no sharks.

"Sharks! I saw them," persisted Harry.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Butterworth, drawing Harry, who was much frightened, to the shore.

"Sharks!"

"Did you see them?"

"Yes, sir, two of them."

"What did they look like?"

"Sea-serpents."

"Whew!"

"They did."

"Did you ever see a shark before?"

"Yes, sir—no, sir."

"Then how did you know you saw a shark?"

"Because I did. Do you suppose I don't know a shark from a trout?"

"I think you did not see a shark, Harry."

"I saw something."

"Perhaps you did, but dress yourself now, or you will be chilled."

Harry dressed himself, doubting whether he had indeed seen a shark, and somewhat mortified that

he had called out so hastily. He had seen a little fish leap from the water and supposed in his fright that it was the fin of that dangerous inhabitant of the deep—the shark.

The party took dinner on board the island, and Minnie and her mother, who had not come ashore in the early part of the day, landed and dined with them at one of the *cafés*. At the table Minnie was very talkative, and, having heard her father say that the island was famous for the excellence of its donkeys, besought him to buy one for her.

“Buy a what?” he asked.

“A donkey, pa.”

The boys laughed heartily.

“You need not laugh. I want a donkey. I thought of it in Beyroot, but forgot it again.”

“Minnie is partial to long ears,” said Harry.

“Having travelled in your company so long,” retorted the girl.

“But what,” asked Mr. Percy, “can you do with a donkey, my daughter?”

“Take him home, and ride him sometimes as a novelty. Then you know little brother Charlie can ride him.”

“Well, I’ll see about it.”

“No, papa, *do* about it.”

“Very well.”

“I don’t know but I should like to by one of the animals for my little farm in the country,” re-

marked Mr. Tenant, "I would make him serviceable."

"Well," said Mr. Bradley, "if you will purchase one, I will do the same, for I have been thinking that my children would like one, on my little place on the Cape."

"If you are going into that kind of speculation, gentlemen," said the consul, "I can send you to a man who has donkeys for sale, and who would be glad to accommodate you."

"I don't want the animal," said Mr. Percy.

"O do, father," persisted the daughter.

"She was so earnest that, after dinner, Mr. Percy consented to accompanying the other two gentlemen out to a part of the town where they found the keeper, who had about a dozen donkeys. Some of them were very nice, pretty creatures, while the others were very sorry animals, indeed. The two boys and Minnie had accompanied their older friends, and it was not long before she had selected one, which she said her father must buy.

"What do you ask for that one?" said Mr. Percy to the keeper, who could talk a little English.

"Monish."

"Yes, but how much?"

"Sheaps, sheaps, very sheaps."

"Sheeps! what does he mean by that?" asked Harry, softly.

"Cheap, he means," returned Walter.

"How much money will you take for that one which my little girl fancies?"

"As much as you gives."

"Stupid! how much is the price?"

"Him, hundred napoleons."

"Whew, I cannot give that sum."

"Then him fifty napoleons."

"Oh, no, that would be two hundred dollars."

"Then him twenty napoleons."

"No—too much!"

"Not too much."

"Yes, it is."

"Then what's you give?"

"Six napoleons."

The keeper shook his head.

"Seven napoleons."

Another shake of the head.

"Eight napoleons."

Another shake.

"Then we cannot trade."

"What, you no give for him, but eight napoleons; eight little pieces of monish."

"That is all."

"Then you have him for that."

"Before I buy him I want you to trot him about here to let us see how he moves. He may be lame."

"No, no, no lame."

The man took him away from the other animals,

and giving him a few vigorous blows made him dance about in a very lively manner. Harry thought he would like to do the same, so he went behind the donkey, and gave him a punch with the end of his cane. The beast perceiving the attack in the rear, threw his heels into the air, and came very near driving them into the face of Harry, who fell back just in time to save himself from the blow which he would otherwise have received.

"Do you buys this donkey for you little girlsh?" asked the keeper of Mr. Percy.

"Yes."

"Then let her rides him now."

So he put on a saddle, and Minnie got into it, and having become accustomed to donkey riding, she was able to manage him with great ease.

"I'll have him, father," said she, as she dismounted.

"Will you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you the eight napoleons to pay for him?"

"No, sir."

"Then how can you have him?"

"Oh sir, you are my banker, and I will give a check on you, and that will be all right."

"Well, if I must I must, but my dear child, I think the money will be thrown away."

"O no, sir, it will not."

"I wish you would take the creature," chimed in Walter.

"I will, if it will gratify both of you."

So the bargain was made, and the animal purchased. Mr. Tenant then made his purchase. He selected a small young creature that seemed to be strong, and which he thought would grow better by better care and feeding. Mr. Bradley also bought one, and he claimed that his was the best of the three, though Harry declared that there was no best to them. And Harry was about right, for the animals were very unprofitable speculations, as it afterward proved.

"What shall we do with the donkeys?" asked Mr. Bradley.

"Oh, put them in your pockets, or take them under your arms," laughingly said Harry.

"We will make you stop here and take care of them," jokingly replied Mr. Tenant.

Harry was about to make a sharp personal retort, but he remembered the difference between his own age and that of Mr. Tenant, and he wisely kept silent. Justice to Harry compels us to say that he had become a very good boy, and was much improved in his manners.

To the question of Mr. Tenant Mr. Percy replied, "The consul offers to send the animals to America in the first vessel that leaves this port for the United States."

“All right then.”

They made arrangements with the keeper to retain the donkeys until the consul should order them, and then returned to the consulate. The consul agreed to transact the business, but told them he thought they would soon be tired of their bargain.

Some of our young friends may like to know what became of the animals thus purchased. We will tell them. The day after the travellers left, a vessel from Smyrna to Boston, laden with fruit, touched at Cyprus, and the beasts were put on board. They had a safe passage to America. Mr. Tenant and Mr. Bradley took their animals to their places in the country, and let them stay on their farms a year or two, when they both died. The one bought for Minnie by her father, was taken to Cambridge, and for a few months furnished amusement to all the children in the neighborhood. When Charlie would appear in the street he would get a crowd of boys following him, and the poor donkey becoming frightened would throw his rider into the dirt. This continued until one day the animal became angry, and suddenly throwing his heels into the air sent Charlie over upon the stones. He fell heavily, and when taken up, was insensible, and when carried into the house, the blood was running down from his temples.

“Oh, my brother is dead!” cried Minnie.

Not dead," said one of the men who was bearing him.

"Poor, dear Charlie," and she burst into tears.

"Don't cry, little girl," said the man.

"Oh, it was that ugly donkey that did it, I wish he was in Cyprus."

"So do I," said Mrs. Percy who was wiping the blood from the head of her little boy.

When Mr. Percy came home Minnie told him all about the injury Charlie had sustained. It was not very serious, as he was running about the house, but as Minnie and the boy both were willing to have the donkey sold, their father thought it the best time to get rid of him before they changed their minds. Therefore donkey was sold the next day, and now is used by a little German boy who trots him into Boston almost every day, with a load of vegetables which he takes from house to house to sell.

The day spent on the island of Cyprus was a very pleasant one to all the party. They found the climate salubrious, and the time passed rapidly away. Near the close of the day they saw the signals of the steamer out, indicating that it was time for them to be on board. They took a boat, and bidding the kind and very gentlemanly consul farewell, were rowed out to the steamer, and a few minutes after they had reached the deck, the paddles began to turn, and the fine vessel began to move.

CHAPTER III.

ORANGES AT RHODES.

MONDAY night on ship-board resembled the previous night. There were the same annoyances, and the same frolics, and little sleep did any of them secure. The following day was spent on the ocean. The gentlemen were on deck most of the day; Harry made the acquaintance of some of the pilgrims who could speak English, while Walter wrote several letters to his friends at home. While we are sailing along, we may as well read one or two of the letters. One was directed to Rose Thornton, a young school-mate of Walter's, who lived near his home, and who wrote to him often, telling him what transpired in the neighborhood, and at school.

ON BOARD STEAMER ITALIA,
MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

MISS ROSE:—All your letters I have received, and some of them I have answered, and now, in one long letter, I will try to make return for the rest. We are now on the sea, and expect to reach Rhodes some time to-night, and while I have a chance to write I am improving it. How are you all at home?

Does Charlie come in to see you often? Ah, I wish I could get an answer to these questions, but I cannot; so I must be content with telling you something about what we have seen.

I remember that in one of your letters you asked me to tell you something about the manners and customs of the Jews, how they live, what they eat and drink, and how these customs correspond with the customs of that people long ago. Well, I will tell some things I have learned. I will begin with

THE MARRIAGE SERVICE.

You have often read in the Scriptures about marriages, marriage-suppers, &c., and you have not understood them. You have probably been at a loss to tell what the parable of the ten virgins could mean. This becomes very easy of understanding when we know how an ancient wedding was conducted. You know that a wedding in America is very simple. The persons wishing to be married go to the house of the minister, who asks them to promise certain things which I am very much afraid they are not always careful to perform, and then he takes their hands in his, and says, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder;" and then he offers a prayer, and the ceremony is all over. But the Jews had a very different way of doing it, and one that I doubt not you will think much more amusing. The Jewish wedding anciently

lasted several days. The friends of the bride and bridegroom met in their own houses, and, for a number of days, made merry in prospect of the wedding. If the lady was a widow, the time of rejoicing was three days; if she was a maid, it was continued seven days. Frequently the parties never saw each other previous to marriage, but all the particulars were arranged by the parents, whose word was law. When the days of festivity were finished, the bridegroom started, with his company of young men, towards the house of the bride. They were dressed very richly and had instruments of music and banners. When the friends of the bride heard the music, they hurried forth to meet the bridegroom. This took place in the evening, and often was delayed until midnight, and the whole number carried torches to light up the way. Thus they journeyed to the house of the bridegroom, where a rich feast was provided for the entertainment of the company. The marriage service took place at the point where the two processions met, and a very curious service it was. The lady was covered with a veil from head to foot, and she stood under a canopy of rich silk or linen. An old man who had been selected for the purpose, and generally a priest, came forward with a cup of wine, and gave it first to the husband and then to the wife, each of whom drank of it. The bridegroom then placed a ring on the finger of the bride, with this

remark, "By this ring thou art my spouse, according to the custom of Moses and the children of Israel." Another cup of wine is brought, the parties drink it, and the cup is then broken, in the presence of the whole company. After the marriage, the wife never goes out without being covered with a thick veil, and it would be a disgrace to her to be seen by a stranger. The veil was a token of her entire submission to the will of her husband, and the removal of her veil would be a sign of her rebellion against his authority.

There is a curious custom still common among the Jews, founded on Deut. 25: 5-10. It is the custom, when a man dies and leaves a widow, for his brother to become her husband, or to go through a ceremony called "*Chalitzah*, i. e., the taking off of the shoes. Should the living brother be born after the decease of the dead brother, he is not under obligation to marry his sister-in-law; or should he already be married, he is only expected to put her free, for without this freedom she cannot marry a second time."

And how is this done? I find in a very valuable work of Jewish antiquities which father brought with him from home, the whole matter explained in the following manner: "The parties having informed the authorities of the fact, it is announced in the Synagogue in the evening, that a *Chalitzah* will take place the following morning

After the morning service, according to announcement, three Rabbis, the required witnesses, and the parties, met; after hearing their statement, the chief Rabbi questions the young man, and, when he finds him determined not to marry his brother's widow, he calls for the shoe. This shoe is of a peculiar make, and used for this purpose only. It is made of black cloth list, of pointed form, and two long laces attached thereto; it is always kept in the Synagogue. When brought forward, the Rabbi commands the man to put it on, after doing which, he twists and ties the laces around his legs. The woman is then led by the Rabbi to the man, and taught to repeat the following in Hebrew: 'My husband's brother refuseth to raise up unto his brother a name in Israel; he will not perform the duty of my husband's brother.' In answer, he repeats, 'I like not to take her.' The woman then unravels the knots, which is rather a troublesome affair, as she must do it with her right hand only—takes off the shoe, throws it upon the ground, and spits before the man, repeating after the Rabbi, the following: 'So shall it be done unto that man that will not build up his brother's house: and his name shall be called in Israel, The house of him that hath his shoe loosed.' All present respond, 'His shoe is loosed! his shoe is loosed! his shoe is loosed!' After this the Rabbi declares the woman free to marry whomsoever she may, and the Secretary of the Syn-

agogue gives her a writing to that effect, when the ceremony is over."

Now this account will explain some passages of Scripture. The parable of the ten virgins becomes intelligible. The virgins were the friends and maids of the bride. They know that the bridegroom was liable to come to them, but five of them had not fixed their torches, nor were they ready to go out with the procession. They had to run and fill their lamps; but, before the work was done, the company had reached the house of the bridegroom, and, as was usual, the door was locked, and they could not enter. Christ wanted to use this parable to illustrate a subject which any little child can understand. He endeavors to show the importance of ever being ready to meet him, the spiritual bridegroom, when he shall come to claim the church as his bride. The Jews who heard him must have been impressed with the force and power of this illustration, and I think you will be when you hear the parable read again.

FEET WASHING.

Among the Jews, shoes such as we wear were not known. The people, men and women, were accustomed to wear sandals, a sole, with straps, which, while it protected the foot from the stones and thorns, left it open to the dust of the highway. It was customary when a man entered into a house

for the occupants to wash his feet as a mark of respect. This was especially performed when the man was high in office, or was worthy of any unusual distinction. We should think it very strange now, to see such a ceremony performed. It would not be considered decorous, and instead of a mark of respect, would be deemed an annoyance. But the prevalence of the custom rendered it a mark of great honor. The person who performed it was supposed to humble himself greatly. Thus Christ when he washed the feet of his disciples, took occasion to say, that they saw in his conduct a reason for humility among themselves. If he, the master, had descended so far as to wash their feet, they should wash the feet of one another. In eastern countries this ceremony of feet washing is still performed. The Greek Church practice it very extensively, and consider it an ordinance of God. They suppose Christ established it as an observance to be practiced as the communion service is, and hence they observe it at certain seasons. There is a sect in our country, somewhat numerous in the State of New York, which has a paper to advocate its claims, which observes this rite. They practice on certain occasions the custom of washing the feet of each other, in obedience to what they suppose is a command of Christ. We are amazed that any persons could be so foolish as to do what Christ only meant as a token of humility, and not as an

ordinance. Anything else which produces humility, would do as well as this. It was a sign that the person performing it was ready to do any act of kindness and condescension to his brethren, and the spirit and not the act was enjoined. This will explain to you what the Bible means, and what you have perhaps wondered at, that a woman should come and wash the feet of Christ with tears. She probably came and dropped her tears upon his feet, and then wiped them away. Such an act was very expressive then; now it would have no meaning. We come now to the

FEASTS OF THE JEWS,

which were very numerous. Almost every religious day was celebrated by them with eating and drinking. The Sabbath was made a feast day, and it was observed with the greatest strictness. On Saturday the Jews were accustomed to worship; that was their Sabbath. For hundreds of years they observed the last day of the week instead of the first. On Friday evening they drew away from the world and sin, and began to worship, and all the next day was spent in rest and praise. We work and toil almost up to the midnight which precedes our Sabbath, and enter upon its duties with jaded forms, and chilled and benumbed hearts. When Christ rose from the dead, it was on Sunday, on the first day of the week, and ever since, the

disciples have observed the first day as the Sabbath. The Jews now all observe the last day, and in our country there is a large denomination called the "Seventh day Baptists," who hold meetings on Saturday, and work all the day on Sunday. The Jews thought much more of the Sabbath than we do of ours. They observed it more strictly, and they set us an example in this respect.

Then the Jews observed the feast of new moons which was observed on the first day of each month. The account of the services of that feast you will find in Numbers xxviii. 11-15.

Then followed the feast of *Pentecost* which was celebrated at the close of the harvest season, and was set apart as our day of Thanksgiving is. It was on the day of Pentecost, or Thanksgiving-day, that the Holy Spirit was poured out.

Then was the feast of the Passover, which commemorated the salvation of the children of Israel, in that awful night, when the first-born of every house in Egypt was slain, as you will find in Exodus xii. 1-28.

Then there was the feast of the Expiation, the feast of the Dedication, the feasts of Charity, the Jubilee Year, and many others with which you will become familiar if you will read about them in the Bible Dictionaries. The religious festivals in our country are very few, being confined mainly to Fast and Thanksgiving days. In Europe they are very

common, and in Catholic countries, some observance is held almost every week. Should Christians be called to give as much time to religious observances as the Jews did, or as the people of Catholic countries do, they would think religion a great burden.

I had designed to tell you of many other customs among the Jews, but the sheet on which I am writing is almost used up, and I will close with a description of the manner in which the Jews in the times of Christ were accustomed to eat and drink. We will suppose that we ourselves are eating our daily meal with them. A long table is spread, and we go to it. There are no chairs such as we have at home, but instead, are long, soft mattresses, and instead of sitting down on them, we lie down or recline with the head and shoulders resting on the left elbow. This posture shows how it was that a disciple whom Jesus loved could rest his head on the bosom of Jesus as they sat at meat. This would have been a very awkward thing seated in chairs as at our tables at home, but reclining as I have stated, it would be natural in times of deep sorrow for the head of the weaker and more affected to fall on the bosom of the stronger. Having taken our position on the couches, the men and boys all on one side of the table, and the women and girls all on the other, we remove our shoes, for we are determined to eat in strict Jewish custom, and the

Jews always removed their sandals. It would have been a great breach of politeness to come to the table with sandals on. And here too, in this, we have an explanation of the act performed upon Christ by the woman mentioned in Luke vii. 36-50. She came behind Christ, and poured the ointment on his feet, which she could not have done had he been in a sitting posture. Bending over the mattress she could bathe his feet with tears, and wipe them with the hair of her head.

And now we are in a new dilemma. There are no knives or forks, nor any plates on the table. There is bread and soup, and meat, and we need a little instruction how to eat. We are told how the Jews did. Six or seven persons take one dish of soup, and breaking the bread, dip it into the soup and eat it, using their fingers also to eat the meat, as you sometimes see at the sewing circles where the company is large. We are very much more surprised in a moment, for an old Jew who has provided dinner for us, comes and picks out a choice bit of meat, and puts it into the mouth of each of the fellows at the table. And then he takes a bit of bread, and puts it into the mouth of the girls after it has been dipped into the soup. We inquire what this means, and are told that, when the host wishes to show any particular attention to the guests he does this, and this man, in put-

ting meat into the mouth of each with his fingers thinks he is showing great attention.

But I must stop writing to you, or I shall have no time to write to anybody else to-day. Write me the next time all the news, and tell me all about the boys and girls. Harry is well. Minnie is as wild as ever, and I—well, I am all right. So good by.

WALTER PERCY.

Walter also wrote to Charlie and Mr. Falkner and one or two others, and so the day passed away, and the night seemed to be a duplicate of the former ones on board.

At an early hour the boys were on deck to see what was in sight, and what was their surprise to find the steamer at anchor, and a fine city rising before them on the shore. Down they went again in great haste to tell some of the party who had not yet left the cabin, and they all returned to the deck together.

“What is it?” asked Harry.

“A town,” replied Mr. Tenant.

“Of course, I know that, but what town?”

“Rhodes.”

“Yes.”

“Oh, I thought we should not get there until noon.”

“We are there now, and in about half an hour we can go ashore and see the place.”

"Good, I want to buy some oranges."

"Oranges?"

"Yes."

"Why, I thought you and Walter laid in enough to last you all the way to America."

"No, they are all gone."

"How many did you have?"

"Only five dozen."

"Only!"

"Well, they are all gone any way, and we want to replenish our stock."

Walter now came toward them.

"Mr. Tenant," he asked, "what is it about this island?"

"What about it?"

"Why, how large is it?"

"It has an area of four hundred and twenty square miles."

"How many inhabitants?"

"Twenty-eight thousand."

"What is the name of this town we see?"

"*Rhodes*—named for the island, and signifies a *rose*."

"I have heard something about the colossus of Rhodes—what was that?"

"It was an immense statue that stood over the harbor—I think we explained it to you once—and cost three hundred and sixteen thousand six hundred and seventy-seven dollars."

"What was it made of?" asked Harry.

"It was metallic, and, after it had been overturned and had laid on the ground nine years, seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds of the metal were sold to a Jew."

"The Jews buy everything."

"The statue, at the time it was standing, was regarded as one of the wonders of the world."

"I see the boat is ready for us—do we go without breakfast?" asked Walter.

"Yes, we will get breakfast on shore," answered his father, who was standing by.

They entered the boat, and were soon at the landing. They found that Rhodes was not so pretty a place to walk about in, as it was to look at from the deck of the steamer. From the harbor it seemed to be one huge bunch of flowers, a perfect bouquet of beauty. But, like all oriental cities, the streets were narrow and not very clean, but as soon as they reached the suburbs they were delighted. They took breakfast in a little grove which was shaded by vines and flowers, and relished their food very much better than if it had been taken on board the steamer.

After breakfast, as they had an hour to stay, the boys consulted as to what was best to be done.

"I know what I shall do," said Harry.

"What!"

"I shall supply myself with fruit for the rest of the voyage."

"Are all our oranges gone?"

"Yes."

"That is strange. We had dozens of them, and I have not eaten a half dozen."

"Nor I."

"What, then, has become of them?"

"I suppose I must account for them."

"Where are they?"

"Gone."

"Where to?"

"I gave them away—your share and mine, too."

"To whom?"

"To the children of these pilgrims."

"Ah!"

"Yes, while you were down writing your letters yesterday, I had one of them in my hand. Just as I was about to tap it, a little shaver came up to me and, in an unknown tongue, began to beg for it."

"How do you know he begged for it, if you could not understand what he said?"

"Oh, by his looks. He looked his questions out of his little beseeching eyes."

"So you gave it to him."

"Yes."

"And the others too?"

"Why, when the other children saw what I had done, they came around me, like bees, and I went

down and got my half of them, and distributed them. Then that only made them worse. So I went down and got your half."

"And was generous at my expense."

"Yes."

"That is generosity, I should think."

"I hope you are not offended."

"No, if the oranges made the poor children any happier, I am glad."

"Oh, they were very glad."

"But you might have told me and let me see how they enjoyed it."

"You were writing, and your father told me to take them, and not interrupt you."

"All right, I am content."

"Now, let us buy some more."

"Have you any money?"

"Yes, two francs."

"I have but one; I will borrow another of father."

The money was soon borrowed, and, in walking away, they came to a vender of oranges, who had a very large basket full.

"What will you take for them?" asked Walter.

The man murmured something they could not understand.

"He is a Dutchman, Walter, and can't talk a decent language."

"A Rhodian, you mean."

"I mean he can't talk English."

"No."

"How can we manage?"

"I'll fix him."

So Walter began to gesticulate. He made the man understand that he wanted to buy his basket of oranges.

The man smiled and shook his head, in token that he understood it all.

Walter then pulled out a franc and offered it.

The man shook his head.

Walter added another franc.

Again the man shook his head.

The boy added another franc.

This time the man's face lighted up with smiles, and he took the money and gave the boys the oranges. The basket was large, and it was as much as they could do to get it down to the boat. The gentlemen had gone in some other direction, and were not on hand to help them.

Having arrived at the landing, they consulted as to what to do about waiting for the other persons of the party, and finally concluded to return without them. Calling a boatman, they made signs to him that they wished to be taken out to the steamer. He well understood them. But they wanted to make a bargain with him. They had but one franc left, and so they offered that. The man, at first, shook his head, and refused to go for that, but, when Walter made signs as if he was going to call

another, he relented and took them on board for the money they offered him. The gentlemen were already on board, and, in an hour or two, the steamer was under full steam, ploughing the sea like a living thing. The boys hung over the rail, looking off until Rhodes had faded from sight.

CHAPTER IV.

RAMBLES ABOUT SMYRNA.

FOUR days after leaving Beyroot, they reached Smyrna. The evening before, they had passed an island which the boys observed drew the attention of all the English and American travellers. It was a rock in the sea, about fifteen miles in circumference, and had a gloomy and prison-like look.

"What island is it?" asked Walter of his father.

"Patmos, my son."

"Ah!"

"What is 'Patmos?'" asked Harry of his young friend.

"The island where John was imprisoned by order of the emperor of Rome, and on which he wrote the Book of Revelation."

"Oh, it looks dreary. I should not want to live there."

"Nor I; but John did a great work there, that he never would have been able to do, if he had not been banished."

"I wish we could go ashore just to see the place."

"I would like to, but the steamer has nothing to

stop there for. There are but few inhabitants, I suppose, and there is little trade to take vessels to it. Then father says that it is difficult to land there. Probably John was banished to that island, because it was inaccessible. When the apostle was put there, he had no means of escape, and he might as well have been in prison as far as having any intercourse with the world is concerned."

Walter gave Harry much instruction about John, his early history, his labors, his persecutions, and his death at last, which interested him very much.

On the following morning they went on deck, and there, lying before them, was the city of Smyrna. Here the steamer was to stop a day or two, and the party were very glad of that, because they wanted to see the place, and learn something about the people. From the ship the town looks very beautiful. It is on the side of a high hill, and seems to be grown into the hill, and to have become a part of it. As soon as the formalities were gone through with, the party went ashore. Mr. Percy took the two boys and Minnie, Mrs. Percy being left on board, and, accompanied by Mr. Butterworth, took one direction, and the rest of the gentlemen went another way.

The company in which were the lads soon found themselves in the bazaars, where was the usual variety of articles for sale. They noticed that shoes were very abundant. These shoes were of very

peculiar construction. Mr. Percy bought a pair of red slippers, which he found to be very serviceable afterward. Mr. Butterworth bought a pair of red shoes, pointed at the toes, and singular in their construction, which he wished to take home as a specimen of the shoes worn in the East. They were so uncomfortable that he could not wear them himself. Minnie and each of the boys also bought some shoes. The boys selected a very serviceable article, and Minnie took a fancy pair, made of velvet, and ornamented with pretty beads. She wanted them to show to her friends at home.

“I—do—declare,” exclaimed Minnie.

“What do you declare?” asked her brother.

“There comes a man all saddled and bridled like a donkey.”

“That is a hammel.”

“A what?”

“A hammel.”

“And what kind of an animal is he?”

“He is a porter, and that saddle which you see on his back, he uses to bear burdens on.”

“Yes, yes, and there come some more.”

“They are loaded.”

“I should think they were. They have a load which would break the back of my donkey that pa bought in Cyprus the other day.”

And it is certainly wonderful what heavy loads these public porters carry on their shoulders. Bur-

dens which we should think would crush them to the earth, are borne with apparent ease, so great facility is acquired by long and constant training and practice.

From the shoe bazaar they went out to the slave market. The stock of slaves on hand that day was small. The slave market consists of several houses, to which the victims of oppression are brought to be sold. There they are kept sometimes for weeks, and fattened like beasts.

"Are these slaves?" asked Minnie as she saw several nice looking Nubians sitting about.

"Yes," replied her father.

"And are they for sale!"

"Certainly.

"Why don't they run away?"

"They are guarded."

"I don't see any guard."

"Perhaps not, but if one of these men should try to get away the guards would be seen."

"Do they wish to get away?"

"Some of them do not. They are content to be slaves."

"Is it such slavery as that of our country?"

"No, the slavery of the East is much more lenient and humane than American slavery. These slaves will be servants to their masters, with many privileges never accorded to slaves in our country."

"Are there any female slaves?"

"Not here."

"Are there any in the city?"

"Yes, there is a slave market for girls here. Formerly it was open like this, for all. Now it is conducted more quietly. The humanity even of the Mohammedans is against it, and the exposure of young girls for sale shocks them, and the public auctions have been discontinued."

"Shall I speak to one of these men, pa?"

"Yes, if you wish."

Minnie went up to one of them, and addressed him.

"Are you happy here?"

He stared at her in amazement.

"Are you happy here?" she repeated.

The man answered nothing.

"Do you like to be a slave?"

This time the man replied to a question which he did not understand, by letting out a few rapid sentences of which she could not comprehend a syllable.

"Oh," she said, turning to her father, "I forgot that these persons do not know anything about our language."

"I thought you would find it difficult to enter into conversation."

"I forgot; why did you not tell me?"

"I thought I would let you try it a little yourself."

"I wish he could talk. He seems so intelligent, and looks so good and kind. Pa, why don't you buy him?"

"Buy *him*?"

"Yes sir."

"What a child!"

"Why?"

"A few days ago I bought a donkey for you, now you want me to buy a *man*. When we get to Constantinople you will want me to buy the Golden Horn for you."

"That is it, father," added Walter. "She is always in want of something."

Laughing at Minnie for her wish for a slave, they turned from the slave market, and pursued their way through some of the streets.

On the way the attention of the group was arrested by a new style of eating-houses. This was a range in the street where meat was being cooked, and sold. The young people were amused at the novel way in which the meat was roasted. The cooking is in the street, and the eating-room directly in the rear. The man who had the charge of the cooking, had a high perpendicular stove which was heated nearly red hot. The meat was cut into small bits and strung upon a stick. The man then held one end of the stick in his hand, and rested the other on the ground. Thus he would turn the

meat, and by keeping it near the stove, or heated pipe, was enabled to cook it.

"Will you have some of this meat, my children?" asked Mr. Percy.

"Ugh!" was the response of Minnie.

"Guess not, father," said Walter.

"Why not?"

"Because it does not look inviting."

"It is clean, and looks well done."

"I will take a piece, Mr. Percy," said Harry.

So Mr. Percy ordered a steak, and when it was put upon a plate, it looked quite inviting. But the man had no fork for him, and he was obliged to use a sharp-pointed piece of wood.

"Is it good?" asked Walter.

"First-rate."

"Then I will have one."

So the two boys had a hearty luncheon, and when they had feasted declared that they never tasted better meat than that. Their long walk and vigorous exercise had sharpened their appetites, and they ate with hearty relish.

Leaving the shop they walked out of the town, and up a high hill behind it, until they came to what was once a fortress, near which rises a tomb which the two gentlemen were anxious to see.

"And whose tomb is it?" asked Harry.

"The tomb of Polycarp," replied Mr. Butterworth.

“Who was he?”

“One of the early Christian fathers.”

“Was he born here?”

“Yes, about the year 167.”

“Is there any reference to him in the Scriptures?”
asked Walter.

“Yes,” answered Mr. Butterworth.

“Where is it?”

“Polycarp was the angel of the Church in Smyrna, to whom John was commanded to write.”

“What was the manner of his death?”

“He was tried before the Roman proconsul, and was offered his life if he would deny Jesus.”

“Did he do it?” interrupted Harry.

“O no!”

“What did he do?”

“He replied, ‘Six and eighty years have I served him (Christ), and he has done me nothing but good, and how could I curse him, my Lord and Saviour?’”

“Noble answer!”

“It truly was.”

“What did they do to him?”

“He was burned at the stake.”

“And we are at his tomb?”

“Yes.”

Mr. Percy gave them many reminiscences of Polycarp, in which both the boys were very much interested, and talking about him and other noble

men of whom the world was not worthy, they retired to the city.

"Where shall we go now?" asked Mr. Butterworth, as they entered the crowded streets.

"To dinner," replied Mr. Percy.

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"We will look about and find some place."

"I am tired enough to rest," remarked Minnie, "though I don't need any dinner."

"I want some," said Harry.

"I shouldn't think you would want anything to eat for a week," retorted Minnie.

"Why not?"

"Because of the meat you eat this morning with that dirty stick."

"Let me try and see. I am hungry as a bear."

They walked on until they came to a place that looked like an oriental hotel.

"What place is this?" asked one.

"A hotel," responded Walter.

"How do you know?"

"There is the name up there over the door."

"I don't see. What is it?"

"Hotel *du Pigin*."

"Ah yes, I see now. This is the place."

They entered and took seats. Soon a servant came to see what they wanted. He could talk just

enough English to understand what they wanted, and to answer their questions.

"What de gentlemans have?"

"Roast beef."

"No have that."

"Then beef steak."

"No got any."

"Any kind of meat that you have."

"Not no meat."

"Nor fowl?"

"Nor fowl sah—none."

"Have you coffee then?"

"Yes Monsieur—yes sah."

"Then we will have coffee and bread and butter."

"No bread and butter—none."

"Well, bread without butter. We must have something."

"Yes, sah—have something."

Off he went, and when he was gone Harry began to make sport of the house.

"The name of this hotel should be altered," he said.

"To what?" asked Minnie.

"It should be called Hotel du Crow."

"Good, Hal."

"Or Hotel of the Turkey buzzard."

"The first name is the best—Hotel du Crow, and so Walter will please to write it in his journal."

The servant now came again with some excellent bread and some very thick strong coffee.

"Sugar and milk, if you please," said Mr. Percy.

"No sugar and milk—none."

"Worse and worse."

"Yes sah, worse and worse."

They found that they were not going to get anything more, and so devoured the bread as best they could. As they eat, Mr. Butterworth remembered that the people of Smyrna use fruit very lavishly, and acting on the thought he inquired of the servant.

"Have you any fruit?"

"The man's face brightened at once.

"Yes sah! yes sah!" he answered, proud that he had what they wanted at last.

"We will have some."

"Yes, sah."

Out he went and soon returned, with a large basket of oranges and various kinds of fruit.

"The boys fairly yelled with delight.

"What will we call the hotel now?" asked Minnie of Harry.

"Hotel du Orange."

"Right."

And right it seemed with them, as they sat an hour over the delicious fruit which abounded at the hotel. The servant seemed delighted that he was

able to please the party, for he had become quite discouraged at their calls for things out of season, and rarely asked for at a hotel in Smyrna. So their remembrances of *Hotel du Pigin* were not so unpleasant after all.

What pleased the party was the attention paid them by persons who expected to receive something for their services. By the time they had been in the streets a quarter of an hour, a half dozen guides had fastened themselves to them, each anxious to show them something. They were followed by these persons from place to place, and greatly annoyed by their officiousness. The guides are in league with the traders, and if they cannot get a fee of the traveller, they get something from the bazaar keeper for guiding purchasers to his stall. For everything bought at the bazaar the guide has his commission. The keeper of the stall asks an exorbitant sum for his wares, and the excess goes to the guide. It was amusing to see how the merchants will vary their prices. The first price is generally three or four times what the article is worth, and it is generally safe to offer about one-fourth, or one-fifth what is first demanded. As an instance of this, Minnie wanted a hat to wear on ship-board, and in one of the bazaars saw one which suited her, and asked her father to buy it. Mr. Percy went to the stall and looked at the hat, and

thought it would answer the purpose for which his daughter wanted it.

"How much?" he asked.

The man looked at the hat and held it up.

"How much?"

The trader began to speak of the excellencies of the hat.

"No matter, how much is it?"

"One sovereign."

"Whew!"

"Yes, one sovereign, and no less."

"I will not give that.

"Then you no have hat."

The party were about to move on.

"I lets you have this hat now for fifteen shillings."

"No, too much."

"Very cheap, I say."

"No, I won't pay that sum."

"Then say ten shillings—English money, you an Englishman."

"Too much of an Englishman to pay fifteen shillings for that hat."

"Then you say ten shillings, and I will say ten shillings."

"No, that is too much."

"Do you sells hats?"

"No, but I know what they are worth."

"Then I lets you have this hat for five shillings."

"No sir, I will give you three shillings."

"Ugh!"

"That is all."

"Do you say dat?"

"Yes."

"Then I keeps my hat, and girl gets her face burnt."

"Well, so be it."

The party was moving off, when the man came after them, and touched Mr. Percy on the shoulder.

"Sah, you say you no give but three shillings for that hat."

"That is all."

"Then you takes the hat, and I takes the money."

So the hat was bought, and the purchaser found out afterward that he had given one-third too much for it.

Thus they wandered about the city all that day. They found fruit abundant, but the town was very filthy, and the inhabitants seemed to be but a single remove from barbarism. Like all the eastern towns and cities the view from the steamer was much the best. On the hill side the city seemed like a perfect paradise, but when you entered it, the idea of paradise was exchanged for one right

the reverse, for the wickedness and wretchedness of the people were very conspicuous. Disgusting habits, and odious customs everywhere prevailed, and there was little to reconcile one to a long stay with such a people.

7*

CHAPTER V.

OLD DANIEL.

THE next morning they awoke early, and found the steamer still riding in the harbor; so they had another day in Smyrna. They separated, as on the previous day, and went on shore to enjoy themselves.

As Mr. Percy and his children were walking through one of the streets, Walter saw something which he wished to buy. He entered into negotiation with the trader, but was unable to understand what he said to them, and he was utterly unable to comprehend what was said to him.

While in this dilemma, a tall, finely formed man, with a loose Jewish robe around him, and a long, flowing beard coming down to his girdle, approached, and lifted the curiously shaped hat which he wore on his head.

"I see you are strangers," he said.

"We are," answered Mr. Percy.

"Can I be of service to you?"

"We were trying to make a purchase, but this man does not seem to comprehend what we want."

“Shall I act as your interpreter?”

“If you please.”

The man then interpreted the questions of Walter and his father to the trader; also, the trader's answers. The article was purchased, and the little party went along the street, in company with the old man.

“My house is in the next street,” he said, in tolerable English, “will you go with me?”

Mr. Percy hesitated.

“Perhaps,” said the old man, “you would like to see the inside of a house in Smyrna. The streets and exterior of the houses give you no indication of the comforts we have within.”

“Go with him, pa,” whispered Minnie, who was one of the party that morning.

“Yes, yes, father,” added Walter, in low tones.

Mr. Percy looked inquiringly to Mr. Butterworth.

“I think we had better go; our time is not very valuable to us in the streets, and this venerable friend may be able to give us some information of importance to us.”

“Very well, let us go.”

The old man led the way. His house was but a short distance from the spot where he had first seen them. As they arrived, Minnie cast a look of curiosity and disappointment at the rude walls, and the coarse look of the structure. But she had only time

for a moment's survey. The old man struck three times on the heavy gate, and it opened without hands, being connected by some simple pulleys with the house.

The party had no sooner stepped inside the gateway, when they involuntary paused. They had expected to see a humble home of poverty, but, instead thereof, they found themselves standing in a square court, in the centre of which was a fountain casting up its jets in the sunlight. Tropical flowers were blooming in all directions. The air was laden with delicious perfume, and the whole place indicated the most cultivated taste and great wealth. Two or three beautiful girls that were amusing themselves at the fountain fled, as the party entered. Servants came at once, and, at the command of the old man, brought rich divans from the house, and they sat down under the trees in the shade, and looked about them in surprise. Lads, in neat dress, brought them lemonade in little cups, and the old man, throwing off the long, loose, faded robe, stood before them, in the richest attire of his people.

"You are surprised," he said to Mr. Percy.

"I am."

"At what you see."

"Yes."

"You judged of my house by the exterior."

"I did."

"Many do."

“And are surprised.”

“Yes. Your master taught you a lesson about judging by appearances in his sermon, that is in your sacred Book.”

“Yes, sir. You have every comfort here within, though the outside did not promise it.”

“Yes, but my house is not richer than many in Smyrna,” and he pointed to the richly furnished rooms that opened into the court on three sides.

“Now, sir,” said Mr. Percy, “you have kindly invited us to your house, and as we are strangers from America——”

“Ah, America!”

“Yes.”

“I thought you were English.”

“No, sir, we are Americans, and we should like to know something of our friend with whom we are talking.”

“You would like to know who I am?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, I am old Daniel.”

“A native of Smyrna?”

“No, a Jew; a native of Jerusalem. I was born in the city of God, where my fathers crucified your Christ.”

“A Jew?”

“Yes, a Jew of the tribe of Judah.”

“But have you no name but Daniel?” asked Walter.

"None, my child," answered he, with a benevolent smile.

"I saw some young women here as we entered?" said Mr. Butterworth, inquiringly.

"Yes."

"And they are?"

"Daughters of Daniel."

"Well, we certainly expected to find no such fairylike place as this when we entered. This seems an earthly paradise."

"There is no paradise on earth. There was a paradise, and Satan entered it, deceived Adam our father, and despoiled his abode."

"Yes, yes, I know, and was only speaking by way of comparison."

Old Daniel then gave them many particulars of his history which interested them very much, for, although he was a stranger to them, and they had never seen him until that day, they had become much attached to the old man. His history was a sad one. He was a Jewish ruler, and had suffered many trials and endured much persecution, on account of his adherence to Judaism. His wife, to whom he was much attached, and of whose beauty and excellence he gave a glowing account, died some years before and left him with several sons and the two daughters, whom the party had seen, as they entered. After he had told a long story about himself, he told them about his children. He

spoke of his son who was away on business at Constantinople, and of his daughters and daughter-in-law, who were in the house.

"Shall I call them?" he asked.

"If you please," answered Mr. Percy. "We should like to become acquainted with your children."

The old man touched a silver bell which was near, and a Nubian servant, perhaps a slave, appeared.

He uttered a few words in Arabic to him, and the slave departed as noiselessly as he had come. Soon after three lovely young ladies came bounding into the court, dressed in the most magnificent attire. Seeing the strangers there still, they paused, and the father told them to approach.

"My children," he said, substantially, "these are strangers from a far-off land. They are from that new world of which you have heard and read so much, where so many of our people have found a home and a refuge from the scorn and insults of older communities. They are travellers, who, having visited the holy city of David, are now going to Constantinople. I found them in the street, assisted them in conversation, and invited them to come and rest awhile under my protection. And now, approach and let me present you."

"This is Rachel, my daughter-in-law, who was married to my son when she was ten years old," said the old man, presenting a girl of exceeding

grace and beauty, apparently about seventeen years old. With the utmost self-possession the young lady welcomed the strangers to their home, apologized for keeping them in waiting so long for her appearance, and regretted that her husband was not at home to show them the beautiful surroundings of Smyrna.

"This is Sarah," said Daniel, "my daughter, who was married one year ago, and she is now thirteen. Her husband is not in the house now, but may return before you leave."

The child was shy, and did not seem to relish the freedom with which her father introduced her, and spoke of her age. And a little curl came upon her lip, when Mr. Percy remarked that she was married at a very early age.

"And this is Deborah," said the old man, presenting the last daughter. "She is twelve years old, and will be married in a few months."

"You said you had several sons?" inquiringly remarked Mr. Percy.

"Yes."

"How old are they?"

"The youngest is fourteen, and the oldest about fifty years of age."

"How many of them?"

"Let me think. There is Reuben, Nathan, Joseph, Levi, Samuel, Ezekiel, and David—seven of them."

"More sons than daughters."

"Yes, and glad that it is so."

"Why?"

"If I had as many daughters as sons, they would ruin me."

"How?"

"It costs so much to marry them."

"Does it cost more to marry a daughter than a son?"

"Certainly."

"Why so?"

"On account of dowry."

"Ah, yes."

"Here is Deborah—it will cost me a thousand pounds to marry her."

"How is that?"

"Why, two hundred pounds to the bridegroom as a present; three hundred pounds for jewels for Deborah, and five hundred pounds for a house for them to live in."

"Is it a necessity that so much should be expended?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders expressively. "Who will take my daughters without dowry?" he asked.

"Deborah!" he called.

"I am here, father," she answered.

He addressed her in Arabic.

She retired, but soon returned bringing her hands

full of gold and silver ornaments. There were bracelets and earrings, and all kinds of ornaments for the person.

"What are these?" asked Mr. Percy.

"Marriage ornaments."

"All of great value?"

"Yes."

The boys came up and examined them, and Minnie looked on with wonder.

"They cost three hundred pounds."

"How much of our money would that be, Walter?" asked Minnie of her brother.

"About fifteen hundred dollars."

"That is not a great amount," replied the little girl.

"No, not for our country, but it is for this place where the people generally spend far less in living than we do."

As they thus conversed, the Nubian servants brought a tray covered with refreshments, consisting mostly of fruit, of which the younger members of the party partook with great relish. The young Jewish girls were sociable with Harry and Walter, coaxed them to stay in Smyrna, asked them if they were married, and Walter told them that boys did not marry in America. Of Minnie they took scarcely any notice. They seemed to have the oriental idea, that the female was worthy of no atten-

tion, and, while Minnie was neglected, they lavished all their attention on the boys.

They sat in the court of the house of Daniel, in the shade, for an hour or two, when they thought it time to leave. They took leave of the daughters, and were followed out into the street by the old man, who, before he opened the gate, put on his old loose robe, covering up his rich clothing, so as not to attract the attention of any one who might be passing.

Uttering upon them his benediction, the Jew sent them away, and they walked down the narrow street thinking they had had a rich adventure.

"What a funny visit!" ejaculated Harry.

"A very pleasant one," added Walter.

"I shall never forget this morning," said Minnie.

"Do you ever forget any thing?" asked Mr. Butterworth of the little girl.

"I am sure I do."

"Very sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"Some wise men have taken the ground that we never forget."

"I know I do."

"How do you know?"

"Because there are hundreds of things that I once knew that I have forgotten."

"May it not be that those very things will be recalled to your recollection, at some future time?"

"I don't see how."

"There are some interesting cases on record to show that what is once impressed on the mind is never wholly lost."

"Do you remember some of them?" asked Walter.

"I think I can recall some of them."

"Do, then, we should like to hear."

"I have read of a poor servant girl in Germany, of whom the following is told. 'She was attacked with violent fever. She was unable to read or write; but, during the paroxysms of her disease, she became possessed—so the priests said—by a very polyglot devil. She would keep spouting forth, in a loud and monotonous voice, unconnected sentences of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Sheet after sheet of these ravings were taken down; but those who attempted to find the elucidation of some deep mysteries in this Babel of unknown tongues, got their labor for their pains. At length, her physician determined to trace out her antecedents. He succeeded in ascertaining that, many years before, while a mere child, she had been employed as servant by a learned ecclesiastic, whose habit it was to pace up and down a passage in his house communicating with the kitchen, and read aloud his favorite books. These scattered and unconnected phrases, caught in the intervals of her labor, were now reproduced by her, after an interval of many years. Passage after passage of the notes taken down from her

feverish lips were identified among the old priest's favorite authors; so that not the least doubt remained as to the origin of the girl's possessions.'"

"I remember that case, and what Coleridge says of it," remarked Mr. Percy.

"What does he say?" asked Walter.

"I don't care what he says, I don't believe I should remember scraps of Latin and Greek, if I should hear them half my life," chimed in Minnie.

"What does Coleridge say?" again inquired Walter.

"‘This instance,’ he says, ‘contributes to make it even probable that all thoughts are in themselves imperishable; and that, if the intelligent faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a different and apportioned organization—the body celestial instead of the body terrestrial—to bring before any human soul the collective experience of his whole past existence. And this, perchance, is the dread Book of Judgment, in whose mysterious hieroglyphics every idle word is recorded. Yea, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single act, a single thought, should be loosened or lost from that living chain of causes, to all whose links, conscious or unconscious, the free will, our own absolute self, is co-extensive, and co-present.’"

"I don't understand that, I am sure," was Minnie's answer.

"Nor I," said Harry. "Do you, Walter?"

"I think I do."

"Well, I am not convinced. I *do* forget."

"You think you do."

"I know."

"Well, it is no use to argue with you."

"Not at all."

"Harry," said Mr. Percy, "I remember once to have fallen overboard, and, when in the water, I had a very peculiar experience."

"What was it, sir?"

"Why, I remembered my whole life. I seemed to have recalled to me, in an instant of time, my boyhood, my youth, my early manhood, my sins, my good deeds, my words, my thoughts; for a whole life-time seemed to be crowded into a single moment."

"What does that prove?"

"Simply that what I had said, done, seen, and thought, was not forgotten, but only pushed aside, to be recalled again."

"Yes—y-e-s, perhaps so," said Harry, thoughtfully.

"You have read Robinson Crusoe?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Don Quixotte?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you thought of them to-day?"

"No, sir."

"Yet, as they are now recalled to your notice, do you not remember all about them?"

"O yes."

"Then, may there not be other things treasured in your memory that you may take down to use, by and by, as you would a book from a shelf?"

"Perhaps so."

"I think it would be well for you and Walter to talk this matter over, at some time when we have opportunity, and we will give you information bearing upon it."

"Oh, I should be glad to learn."

"There are many facts which I could give you illustrating the idea that I advanced."

"Can't you think of just one now?"

"Perhaps I can—let me see."

"Now think."

"Yes, I remember quite distinctly to have read a fact like this, which occurred in our own country some years ago. A. held a bond of B. for several hundred dollars, having some time to run. At its maturity he found that he had put it away so carefully that he was unable to find it. Every search was fruitless. He only knew that it had not been paid or traded away. 'In this dilemma he called on B., related the circumstance of its disappearance, and proposed giving him a receipt as an offset to

the bond, or rather an indemnifying bond against its collection if ever found.

“ ‘To his great surprise, B. not only refused to accept the terms of meeting the difficulty, but positively denied owing him anything, and strongly intimated the presence of a fraudulent design on the part of A. Without legal proof, and therefore without redress, he had to suffer the loss of his money, and the suspicion of a dishonorable intention in urging the claim. Several years passed away without any change in the nature of the case, or its facts as above given, when one afternoon while bathing in the James River, A., either from inability to swim, or cramp, or some other cause, was discovered to be drowning. He had sunk and risen several times, and was floating away under the water, when he was seized and drawn to the shore. The usual remedies were applied to resuscitate him, and although there were signs of life, there was no appearance of consciousness. He was taken home in a state of complete exhaustion, and remained so for some days. On the first return of strength to walk, he left his bed, went to his bookcase, took a book, opened it, and handed his long lost bond to a friend who was present. He then informed him that when drowning and sinking, as he supposed to rise no more, in a moment, there stood out distinctly before his mind, as a picture, *every act of his life*, from the hour of childhood to

the hour of sinking beneath the water, and among them, the circumstance of his putting the bond in a book, the book itself, and the place in which he had put it in the book-case.' ”

“That is singular.”

“It is probably true; or, if not, other cases similar to it have occurred.”

“Have you not another?”

“Not now, we must be getting on faster, or we shall not see much to-day. At some time when you have nothing else to do, come to me, and I will talk with you about it.”

“Are you convinced, Harry?” whispered Minnie aside.

“I don't know.”

“I ain't.”

“No, nothing convinces you,” said Walter, who had overheard what his sister said to Harry.

“Come on, boys,” said Mr. Butterworth quickening his pace.

“Where next?” asked Mr. Percy.

“Anywhere,” said Mr. Butterworth.

“I would like to go on board the steamer,” said Minnie.

“What for?” asked Walter.

“I am tired.”

“I am not.”

“I am, and don't think it any use to go wandering about this city any more to-day.”

"This is the last day we shall have here."

"I hope it is."

'So do I," said Harry.

"Well, if Minnie wants to go to the steamer, said Mr. Percy, "I will go with her, and you, Mr. Butterworth, can take the two boys, and stay as long as you please."

"Very well."

"I think, however, you had better be on board early in the afternoon as the vessel may be off."

"It would be funny if we should be left," said Harry.

"Not very funny," said Walter.

"No danger of that," replied Mr. Butterworth.

"Well, look out for yourselves, and I will take my daughter back to the Italia."

Minnie and her father walked down to the landing, and there found a boat which took them out to the steamer. The little girl found her mother sitting on deck, trying to amuse some of the children of the Greek pilgrims, and the little ones seemed to enjoy it very much.

The trio that were left behind wandered about town two or three hours, saw many curious things, and at the close of the afternoon found their way to the steamer which still rode at anchor before the town.

That evening a concert extemporized for the occasion was held on the after-deck. The Greeks

commenced it. Their low, plaintive, wailing songs drew from below the passengers, who in the silver light of the moon waited until the last notes were done. Then Dr. Forestall started up a patriotic song which was very familiar to all the Americans on board, and it was sung with a will. Then the pilgrims started again, and wailed forth one of their melodies. When that was done, our friends took it up again, and sang a hearty song. Thus for an hour or two the two parties alternated in their songs, and the evening passed away very pleasantly.

It was quite late when Minnie and her mother retired. The boys were up much later, and went below only when Mr. Percy told them they must do so. The night was very fine, the air so pleasant that they would gladly have remained on deck all night.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DERVISHES.

THE same evening after the whole party had reached the cabin, and were partaking of some refreshments before going to rest, the subject of conversation turned upon what each had seen during the day. Walter gave an account of his visit to the house of old Daniel, with a minute description of the young girls, the house in which they lived, as far as he had seen it, and the old man himself. Dr. Forestall who had been in another direction with Mr. Tenant and one or two others, also gave his account. He had been to the slave market, the tomb of Polycarp, and a few other places.

"What have you been doing, Mr. Dunnallen, to-day?" asked Walter.

"I have been alone," said the gentleman.

"Good company."

"Very good, could not have had better."

"What have you seen?"

"A queer scene."

"Everything is queer in this region."

"Yes, but what I have seen to-day, is especially novel. I wished you had all been with me."

“What have you seen?”

“Guess.”

“Well, I guess it was—I don’t know.”

“Give it up? Then I will tell you. I have been to see the dervishes.”

“O ho!”

“And their exhibition was novel enough.”

“Tell us all about it.”

“Don’t be so impatient and I will.”

“Were they howling dervishes, or dancing dervishes?”

“They both howled and danced, but I don’t know to which sect or party of them these belonged. I came upon them by chance, and was very glad to see them.”

We will let Mr. Dunnallen tell his story in his own way.

“The dervishes are the monks of the East. They profess great sanctity and a perfect observance of all the requirements of the Koran. They are divided into numerous sects, and are found in all Mohammedan countries. They really combine the fanaticism of all countries in their religious devotions; they are exceedingly enthusiastic, they sing, shout, dance, weep, laugh, hop, and make all kinds of gestures, and often, like some in our country, lose their strength.

“Their religion consists, not in calm reflection or holy meditation, but simply in animal excitement;

not in a knowledge and belief of the truth, nor in any mental or moral operation, but in certain positions or gestures of the body, or in a certain state of animal excitement. Their religion is not a religion of the heart, but of the body, and therefore, to become supremely happy, they have only to produce the highest possible state of *animal* excitement. Their place of meeting for religious worship is in a small court, a little south of one of the principal streets of Smyrna. I entered this court on the north side through a narrow lane from the main street. On the west side of the court there is a stone building, about forty-five feet from north to south, and thirty feet from east to west. Externally it much resembles a small Protestant chapel. The entrances are on the sides of the building, the doors opposite. The east door opens into the court, and is the entrance of the common people. The west door opens into a narrow lane, which connects with the residences of the priests. In the interior, in the south end, there is a narrow gallery with seats, for the spectators, or the uninitiated, to occupy. At the north end there are some small rooms or closets for their regalia, instruments of music, &c. Between this gallery on the south and these closets on the north, there is a free space, some thirty feet square, without seats, desks, or anything of the kind, but simply an open space with a stone pavement. East and south of the building now described, and some twelve or

fifteen feet from it, there is a tier of *cafés* or huckster shops or smoking saloons. I reached the place twenty minutes before three, and all the worshippers were in these *cafés* or saloons smoking their pipes in true oriental style. No women were present; Mohammedans believing that women have no souls, they are not taken to their places of worship.

“I went first to what I will call the chapel, but no person was to be seen. I then went to the door of the *cafés* and looked in, but did not care to be turned to bacon or smoked herring just then, and therefore I kept out. I tried to get into conversation with them, but each seemed to be intent about the use of his pipe, and too thoroughly lost in the perfumes of tobacco smoke to pay much attention to what passed around him. Five minutes before three, mats and skins, some of them cheap, others quite beautiful and very expensive, were brought into the chapel and placed on the floor or stone pavement. At three several priests came in and kneeled on the most expensive of these mats. Others soon followed, and in a few moments each mat was occupied, and about thirty persons were on their knees, in a circle, on the mats, each facing the centre, the priests on the west side of the ring. The priest then closed his eyes and led off in a mournful song, hardly above a whisper, all others joining. This continued five minutes.

“The priest then, in a clear and full voice, commenced “*As la illah il Allah*” (there is no deity but God). The others joined, and this simple sentence they continued for seven minutes. He then changed his voice as though he was calling for some person in the distance, and cried, “*Allah! Allah!*” (God! God!); this they continued, in this measured imploring tone, five minutes. During this time their eyes were open, and each countenance assumed a most anxious and imploring look. Of a sudden, the priest changed his voice to that of joy and satisfaction, and, instead of crying in that imploring manner “*Allah! Allah!*” he said joyfully and rapidly “*Allah, Allah, Allah,*” as though Allah or their God had come. All others followed, in this rapid, joyful tone; their countenances at once changed and seemed to be beaming with joyful inspiration. Then, as the guide informed me, the power came. Some fell back, their strength nearly gone; the arms of some would jerk backwards and forwards; the hands of others would go in all directions. This continued five minutes. All then arose, and an Arab commenced singing in true Arab style, and all seemed to enjoy it much. At once, they commenced swinging backwards and forwards, while standing on their feet, as though keeping time with the music. The priest had now stepped within the ring, but continued the same forward and backward motion, with his body as the others. This was con-

tinued for some five minutes. They then threw their arms around each other, still continuing their forward and backward motion, and, to preserve their equilibrium, each moved his right foot forward and backward. When they threw themselves forward, each made a noise almost precisely like a great fat boy when he is kicked in the side. They presented rather a ludicrous appearance, with turbans flying, hair dishevelled, and all swinging backward and forward to the most unearthly music, each grunting like so many hogs, presented a scene at which the most serious could hardly refrain from laughing.

* “The music quickened, and with it the motions of the body, and each, as he moved his right foot, began to step a little to the right; and now the ring was in motion, not only the persons moving backward and forward, but moving to the right in a circle. This circular movement continued to increase until they went round in a most rapid manner, fairly making one dizzy to look at them. The priest, in the centre, began to cry, in a most thrilling voice, “Meluh Allah!” meaning, Glory to God!

“The effect was truly surprising. Their eyes rolled in their sockets, their limbs moved in every direction; many would have fallen but for the fact that they had thrown their arms around each other, and supported them. This was continued till all were exhausted; some lost their strength, some seemed

perfectly happy and would sing and shout, some seemed more calm, but all were in the highest state of animal excitement. The hour expired, they sang a song and separated, they going to their *cafés* to smoke, and I returning to our ship to reflect on the strange scene."

The boys were interested in this statement, and regretted that they had not gone to see this remarkable class of persons.

"Perhaps we shall be able to see the dervishes in Constantinople," said Mr. Percy.

"I hope we shall," replied his son.

"I don't understand about these dervishes, Mr. Percy, I wish you would enlighten me a little," said Harry.

"What do you want to know?"

"Why are they called dervishes?"

"The word dervish is derived from two Turkish words."

"What are they?"

"'Der,' and 'vish.'"

"What do they mean?"

"'Door,' and 'extended, or wide.'"

"How does *wide door* have any thing to do with this outcast race?"

"It signifies one who has no home, is very poor and is a wanderer over the world. Some say, however, that their name comes from the Persian."

"Are they very ancient?"

"They are traced back to the Hegira."

"Who founded them?"

"Some of them say that the founder of this order was Abubeker, the successor of Mohammed."

"Do they marry?"

"Not generally, but celibacy is not a vow with them."

"Are they moral?"

"As much so as the Moslems generally."

"Do they believe the same as the Moslems?"

"Yes, substantially so, as they are Mohammedans."

"I conclude that they are like the monks of the Roman Catholic church."

"They are, in their mode of living. They were formerly quite pure in their lives, devoting themselves to the care of the sick, and the relief of suffering."

"That is good."

"Yes."

"Do they keep up that character?"

"No, they are now a community of wandering beggars and live by extortion."

"So do all monks—don't they?"

"No, there are some who do not."

"Is there more than one order?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"I think there have been, at different periods, something like thirty different orders."

"Under what government are they?"

"They have a superior, or sheik, like the monks of the Franciscan or Dominican orders, and their general management is about the same."

"Look here," said Walter, interrupting the conversation.

"What is it?" asked his father.

"Since you have been talking, I have found Mr. Prime's description of a visit he made to the dervishes, when he was in the east."

"Where did he see them?"

"In Constantinople."

"What does he say about them?"

"Shall I read what he says?"

"O do," cried Harry.

"Yes, read," said Mr. Butterworth.

So said they all.

Walter began to read: "We set off for the dervishes, whom we found after a walk of half a mile. Their place of meeting stands back from the street, a very plain and unpretending building. At the vestibule we were requested to put off our shoes, as we must in entering any sacred place of the Mohammedans."

"Did you take off your shoes, Mr. Dunnallen, when you went in to-day?" asked Harry.

"Yes, I thought I told you that. Read on, Walter!"

Walter continued the reading. "The room we entered was low and unfurnished, about forty feet square, and a railing running around three sides of it, a few feet from the wall. The worshippers only entered within the rail. In the middle of the other side, on a beautiful mat of long and dyed wool, stood the aged Sheikh, or high priest, of this singular people. As each one came in, he kissed the hand of the Sheikh, and then took his stand in the order of entrance near the rail. When the whole number expected had arrived, two of the oldest men knelt opposite to each other in the centre of the room, and, rising, began a low murmur, a deep guttural sound, which was taken up by all who were standing around. Swaying their bodies back and forth, swinging their arms in the same way, sinking down and springing suddenly erect, as if performing gymnastic exercises, all the while ascending in the scale with their noise, which soon assumed a howl, painful and even fearful to hear. It was shocking; yet the novelty of the scene made it endurable. As the violence of the action and the howling increased, some of them frothed at the mouth and gave signs of being possessed with the devil, or some other evil spirit. I looked up at the wall, and there were drums and rude cymbals, which they might use to increase this din, now swollen to a roar. And there, too, were knives, and steel rods, and instruments of torture, which, in the frenzy rapidly gaining on

them, they might seize and plunge into themselves or others.

“For the space of an hour, and a long, tedious hour it was, they kept up this howling, using no form of words, unless it was an unintelligible repetition of the Moslem cry, ‘God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet.’ They were now reeking with perspiration, and the noise was lessening from the exhaustion of the fanatical devotees, when, the Sheikh stepped forth into the midst of the room, and all was silent while he lifted up his hands and prayed. He called upon God to bless the Sultan, and to endow him with wisdom, strength, and long life. He prayed for the government and people, and closed with an *Amen*, which he often repeated in the course of his prayer. One after another of the dervishes then approached him, knelt, rose, received his patriarchal benediction, and retired. The old man returned to his mat, and children were brought in to be healed of their diseases by his miraculous power. The first was a babe not two years old, wound up, after their fashion, in many folds of cloth, so that it can move neither hands nor feet. It was placed on the floor upon its face, and the Sheikh, who would weigh certainly one hundred and seventy-five pounds, placed one foot across its legs, and then carefully raising the other, placed it on the middle of the back, and stood with his whole weight upon the child. He stepped off cautiously,

and the servant took up the babe, which seemed to be unharmed by the pressure. Another was brought in and served in the same way, and another. Then children of five and six years old entered, kissed his hand, prostrated themselves, and after he had planted himself upon them, they jumped up and ran out, as if pleased with the operation. Adult men, who appeared to be infirm, followed, and received him on their backs, and some of them on their breasts. No instantaneous effect for the better was to be observed, and I have no reason to suppose that there was any thing more in the thing than a delusive notion that this man had the power of healing, through the very extraordinary and hazardous experiment of treading disease under his feet.

“When this was over, a few of the Dancing Dervishes, dressed better than the Howlers—the most of whom appeared to be a low class of people, and quite shabby at that—took the floor, and went through their performance. They are sometimes called Whirling Dervishes, and this is much the more appropriate term, for they merely turn slowly round and round on one heel, with extended arms, and revolving about their chief, who stands in the centre of the room.

“This exhibition of the Howlers was less frantic than was often witnessed in former times. Then they were known to seize burning iron in their hands, and to thrust red-hot hooks and wires into

each other's flesh ; some would be carried off fainting, and others in fits. I was told that, not long ago, a party of them began their orgies on the deck of a steamer when coming from Trebizond, and getting wild with excitement, they drew their knives and began an indiscriminate murder of all they could lay their hands on. The officers of the vessel, being armed, fell upon them and dispatched them on the spot. These people have a convent at Scutari, but they perform at Pera and in Stamboul, receiving any contributions that spectators may be pleased to give them."

While the lad had been reading in a low tone, several others gathered around them, and one gentleman, who had travelled very extensively in the East, gave them several very interesting incidents touching this singular community of men. He said there was no exaggeration in the account which had been read, but they often behaved more ridiculously than that.

" Well, Harry," asked Walter, " what comes next for us ?"

" An attempt to sleep in one of these cribs."

" I don't feel like sleeping. The exciting events of the day, and the exciting accounts of the der-vishes have made me very wakeful. I feel as if I should not sleep a wink to-night."

" All I want is about forty winks."

" That is more than you may get, unless the

fleas have gone up on deck to see our pilgrim friends."

"No danger of that."

"No *hope*, you mean. The danger is that they will be here in increased numbers, and strength."

The company now dispersed one by one, and soon the deep breathing of the sleepers announced that many were in a heavy and profound sleep. The two boys, contrary to their expectations, were soon asleep, the weary day having exhausted them so completely that they were soon lost to all consciousness of what was going on around them. When they awoke in the morning the steamer was nearly ready to start, and it was not long before the city of Smyrna looked like a little speck upon the distant shore. The boys gazed at it until the place could not be distinguished from the hill itself.

That day the steamer with her heavy freight went ploughing through the waters, while those on board enjoyed themselves as well as they could. Walter was in the cabin all the forenoon, writing up his journal, and making letters to send to his friends. He wrote one letter that day to a person who liked it so much that he secured its publication in a city paper, and many a correspondent who had spent all his life writing for the press would have been glad to have written so well.

CHAPTER VII.

SABBATH ON THE DARDANELLES.

“WHAT are the Dardanelles?” asks some little boy who has not made much progress in the study of his geography. We can tell him. Let him take his map of Europe, and follow the course which our party of travellers have been pursuing. He will notice the situation of Beyroot, on the coast of Syria from which the *Italia* started. Then he will find the island of Cyprus looking something like a boy’s kite without bow or string. Next he will come to Rhodes, a little tiny speck, that looks too small to be an island with towns, and vineyards, and a large number of persons upon it. As he sails by Rhodes he will find himself in the midst of a large number of islands, in a sea which is called the Archipelago, or as it is known by some, the *Ægean* Sea.

Perhaps some young friend will ask, “What does Archipelago mean?” Archipelago is composed of two Greek words, one of which means “chief,” and the other “sea,” so that the Archipelago is the chief sea. Following along on the

map the observer will see in a little bay a dot on the shore, and against the dot the word "Smyrna." That is the place where the party stopped two or three days, where they met old Daniel and saw the dervishes. Further on they will come to a narrow channel leading from the Archipelago to the Sea of Marmora. This is the famous Hellespont, or Strait of Dardanelles. So when any one is asked the question with which we start this chapter, he can say, "The Strait of the Dardanelles is a narrow channel of water that connects the Archipelago with the Sea of Marmora."

The *Italia*, with the party of Americans, reached the Strait about sunrise. It was a beautiful day, and the nearness to land, with the various objects of interest made the view an exciting one. Mr. Percy had explained to the young folks the meaning of the word Archipelago, and they were now anxious to hear something about the Hellespont.

"Why do you call the Hellespont 'the Dardanelles?'"

"From four forts which guard the strait."

"Where are they?"

"Two of them are before you. Don't you see those fortifications on each side of the narrow channel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Those are two of the forts."

"What are they called?"

"The one on the Asian shore is Hissar Sultani."

"What is the one on the European shore?"

"Sed-il-Bahr."

"When were they built?"

"In 1658."

"By whom?"

"By Mohammed IV."

"Who was he?" asked Harry.

"He was a sultan of Turkey who ascended to power in 1648, and was killed by the janizaries in 1691. He was a man of great force of character, and his reign was for many years very glorious, but at last clouded by civil war and public discontent."

"How wide is the strait here between these two forts?"

"Nearly five miles."

"Where are the other forts?"

"They are some distance further on at the narrowest part?"

"How wide is the strait at the narrowest part?"

"About eight hundred yards."

"What are the names of the forts there? I must ask all the questions I think of, while I can get somebody to answer them."

"The one on the Asian side is Boghaz Hissar."

"And the other?"

"Kilid-il-Bahr on the European side."

"Didn't Xerxes build a bridge across this strait?" asked Walter.

"Yes, my son."

"Can you tell us about that?"

"First tell us who Xerxes was," said Harry.

"Don't you know that? Why, Minnie knows who Xerxes was," answered Walter.

"I don't, though I have heard the name."

"Xerxes," said Mr. Percy, "was a Persian, who reigned before Christ was born, some four hundred years or more."

"Well, what was there remarkable in an attempt to bridge the Hellespont, that it should be remembered more than two thousand years?"

"The foolishness of the man, his vanity and pride were so conspicuous that he has obtained renown in connection with the effort."

"Tell us about it."

"He wished to invade Greece, for which he had been making preparations for four years. So he collected an immense army in the Hellespont."

"What was a great army in those days?"

"Xerxes had 1200 vessels of war. These vessels were small and insignificant compared with the noble frigates which are used in our times, but they were so constructed as to transport many men from place to place. Some say his army on this occasion was the largest ever marshalled."

"About the bridge?"

"That was of boats."

"Boats?"

"Yes."

"I never saw a bridge of boats."

"I have."

"What is it like? How do they put them?"

"Side by side, and chained together, so that they rise and fall with the tides. You will see several bridges of this kind at Constantinople."

"Where was this bridge thrown over?"

"It was from Abydos on the Asian side to Madytus on the European side. I will show you the place when we come to it."

"Don't forget that, pa," chimed in Minnie.

"No."

"Did he get his army over on this bridge?" continued Harry.

"No."

"Why not?"

"The bridge proved a failure. A storm came on before it was properly fastened, and swept the boats all away, and they carried with them many men."

"What did the Persian king do?"

"He was very angry, and acted very foolishly."

"How?"

"He commanded the waters to be scourged."

"What a fool."

"It certainly was a very foolish act."

"But what harm did he suppose the scourging could do the water?"

"I don't know."

“How did he do it?”

“He ordered his servants to give the Hellespont three hundred lashes with chains, and then to throw a pair of fetters into the sea.”

“What a simpleton!”

“When the fetters were thrown in, the sea was addressed in these words, “Thou bitter water, thy lord lays on thee this punishment, because thou hast wronged him without a cause, having suffered no evil at his hands. Verily, King Xerxes will cross thee whether thou wilt or no. Well dost thou deserve that no man should honor thee with sacrifice: for thou art of a truth a treacherous and unruly river.”

“I don’t see how a man could be so simple as that.”

“Perhaps the king might have known better, but he acted in a way to awe his superstitious and ignorant people.”

“They must have been ignorant to have been awed by any such ridiculous nonsense as that.”

“You must remember that the times were different, and the people were not so enlightened as now.”

“Did the army get across?”

“Yes.”

“How?”

“They made two new bridges of boats, and were seven or eight days in crossing.”

"This must have been an immense army."

"Yes."

"I wish I knew how large it was."

"I can tell you what Herodotus says about it."

"What?"

"He tells us that the army consisted of 1,700,000 foot soldiers, 80,000 cavalry, 1,207 ships of war, and 3,000 small vessels, transports, boats, and the like."

"How large must the army have been with all these?"

"It must have had at least 2,000,000 men."

"Whew!"

"Did he conquer Greece?" asked Minnie.

"No."

"What did he do?" asked Harry.

"He was beaten at the defile of Thermopylæ: a storm destroyed many of his ships; at Salamis his fleet met with repulse, and he was obliged to return to his own country with only the shadow of the great army which he brought out."

"Good enough for him."

"Why do you sympathize with the Greeks?"

"I don't know."

"Boys generally do."

"And girls too, don't they?" asked Minnie.

"Yes, for Greece was the weaker party in the contest, and the foolish course of Xerxes at the

Hellespont, makes him so ridiculous that we are glad to find that he was beaten."

"What became of him?"

"He reigned some years after, and was at length murdered by Artabanus, an officer of his court."

"Did his kingdom go on prospering after he was dead?"

"Yes. His son came to the throne, and reigned."

"Who was his son?"

"Artaxerxes."

"Who was he?"

"I cannot tell you much about him, but he is supposed to be the Ahasuerus, who married Esther, hung Haman, elevated Mordecai, of whom you can read in the Bible."

The children were much interested in this account, and the strait had especial attraction for them, as they rapidly sailed through it.

All this conversation occurred before breakfast, and late in the forenoon they were summoned to the table. The boys had been on deck so long that they were very hungry, and, while Minnie went with her mother to the first cabin, the boys took their places at the table in the second cabin.

At breakfast time an unpleasant circumstance occurred which came near marring the solemnity of the holy morning, for it was the Sabbath. Since leaving Beyroot, on the previous Sabbath, Mr. Tenant had occupied a seat at the head of the table, each

member of the party having had a place assigned to him on coming on board. Mr. Tenant had filled his place to the acceptance of the whole party. Some time on Saturday night or Sabbath morning a Greek priest had come off in a boat and taken passage from one of the little towns on the shore, and, in ecclesiastical robes, entered the cabin, after the party were seated. In virtue of being a priest, he demanded Mr. Tenant's seat, at the head of the table, which that gentleman refused to yield, when a conversation, something like the following, occurred between them, which was conducted in broken English, and several other tongues mixed together.

"I want this seat," said the priest.

"So do I," answered Mr. Tenant.

"You must give it to me."

"I don't see the *must* about it."

"I must have it."

"I have occupied it ever since leaving Beyroot."

"I came on board this morning, or I should have had it all the way."

"I cannot help that; it was assigned to me by the steward, and I shall keep it until we arrive at Constantinople."

"Don't let him have it," whispered Harry.

"Keep it," said Mr. Allston.

"I think I shall. If he had politely asked me for it, I would have given it up to him."

The priest stood listening, his black eyes glistening like coals.

"I must have this seat," he said.

"You won't."

"I am *an ecclesiastic*," he said, pompously, as if that would settle the question.

"I am *a man*," answered Mr. Tenant.

The priest, finding he could do nothing with Mr. Tenant, (who would willingly have taken another seat, if he had been approached properly, but who could not see why he should give up his seat to a man simply because he was a priest) called the steward.

The steward came, looked on in consternation, but dared not interfere. He was afraid of the priest, but liked the gentleman at the head of the table, and he contented himself with looking on, and saying he could do nothing about it. He was evidently glad that Mr. Tenant held his ground.

The priest next sent for the purser. He came, a very gentlemanly looking man, heard the story, saw the position of things, and, shrugging his shoulders, went out and left the matter as it was.

The ecclesiastic, seeing he could not accomplish his object, and afraid he should lose his breakfast, went down and took a vacant place at the other end of the table, where he amused a whole company by telling them the tale of his wrongs. He found no one, however, to sympathize with him in his di-

lemma, and he finally lapsed into silence and was scarcely seen or heard again, until the steamer reached Constantinople.

After breakfast, some one on board proposed to hold a religious service in the cabin. There were two or three clergymen on board, and one of them, from the city of New York, consented to preach. Consent was obtained of the officers of the boat, and at noon about twenty persons assembled in the cabin. They had no hymn book, but Mr. Allston lined out a few verses of a hymn which they remembered, and the cabin echoed with the strange sounds :

“ This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hosannah to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son :
Help us, O Lord ; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.”

While these verses were being sung, the people on deck, of various nationalities, crowded around the doors and passage-ways, being attracted by this strange, unusual sound. Some of them came down and took seats, and stayed through the service.

When the last sounds of the hymn died away, Dr. Forestall, who, though a medical man, was also a Christian, read the Scriptures and offered prayer. He asked God to look down upon that throng of human beings crowded upon the deck of that vessel, to bring Mohammedans, Greeks, Jews, and pagans into the liberty of the Gospel, to smile on the two continents, by whose coasts they were then sailing, to enlighten and bless them both with the salvation of Christ; to bless America, a land far off, but nigh to our hearts, now rent by civil war, and flowing with blood; to bring about the day when war and crime should cease, and all nations should serve God and obey the Gospel of his Son. He besought the blessing of heaven upon that travelling party, upon their friends at home, upon their wives and children, who on that Sabbath would be gathered in houses of worship, and sweetly lead the minds of all that company away from earth toward heaven.

When the prayer was over, which brought tears to the eyes even of the impulsive Harry, another hymn was lined out in the old style:—

“ Am I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,—
 Or blush to speak his name?”

The sermon followed from that noble declaration of the apostle, “I am not ashamed of the gospel of

Christ." The preacher referred to the fact that we were here to-day, in the midst of those who rejected Christianity, and scorned the gospel of Christ; we were far from the temples of our religion and the institutions of the Christian church. The name of Christ has no charm among this great crowd of human beings; the Bible is not found in the houses of any of them, and the holy Sabbath was now being profaned and desecrated. Under such circumstances some would feel ashamed of the gospel of Christ, and shrink from the duties which devolve upon the Christian when far away from home. But we have no reason to be ashamed of the gospel, anywhere, because it has, from the first, triumphed in the world; because it has swept away the gods of mythology, within sight of whose Olympus we now are; because it has uprooted the various systems of heathen, and destroyed their cruel, blasphemous rites; because it has filled the world with noble Christian charities, and has proved to be the wisdom and power of God unto salvation.

Every one thought the sermon quite appropriate, and, after another prayer, and singing again, they went on deck and enjoyed the beauties of nature and the pleasurable scenes which were constantly passing before them, better, by having contemplated the gospel.

All day they were upon deck. Mrs. Percy drew her children apart as far as possible from the rest of

the passengers, and, with them seated around her, endeavored to give them good instruction.

"One thing gives me pain to-day," she said.

"What is that?" asked Walter, Minnie, and Harry, in the same breath.

"It is the Sabbath-breaking that we see."

"How can it be helped, mother?" asked Walter.

"Much of it could be."

"How?"

"Why, you notice that the people out here have no conception of the sacredness of that day."

"I see it is so."

"Now if there was any reverence for the Sabbath not half the work would be done on board that is now done."

"I know there is much unnecessary work done."

"And then the passengers are very careless and thoughtless."

"Yes."

"And some of our friends are quite free with their conversation on secular subjects, and even with their jokes."

"But how can it be helped here?"

"I don't know, but I know that it is Sabbath day here, as well as in Boston, and that the fourth commandment is as binding here as there."

"Of course it is."

"And yet we do not act as if it was."

“Do you think God will hold us to a strict account situated as we are here?”

“I do not see why not?”

“Because of our circumstances. We are on ship-board, and we can hardly observe the day properly.”

“Hark!”

“What, mother?”

“Did you hear that?”

“Yes, mother.”

“What was it, my son?”

A horrid oath. I should think that man might fear that God would take him at his word.”

“But don’t you suppose that God regards that oath with as much abhorrence as if it had been uttered at home?”

“Yes, mother.”

“If you should tell a lie out here to one of these Greek pilgrims, don’t you think that God would look upon it just the same as if you told it to me in Cambridge?”

“Yes.”

“Now apply this principle in regard to the oath and the lie, to the Sabbath, and——”

“Ah yes, I see what you are driving at.”

“I think Sabbath-breaking one of the most offensive of all crimes to God, and the most debasing to man. Break down the Sabbath, and we should soon relapse into barbarism.”

"I hope you don't think *we* violate the Sabbath?"

"You don't intend to, but often do, and what I am now saying is intended to guard you against it. I have read of a godless man on the shore of one of our North American lakes built a pleasure boat in Sabbath-time, and named her 'The Sabbath-breaker.'"

"The what?"

"The Sabbath-breaker!"

"What a wicked man!"

"And yet that was a very truthful name."

"Why? How so?"

"Because she was designed to be a boat for Sabbath parties and frolics."

"What became of her?"

"Her end was very melancholy. On the Sabbath he took out his first pleasure party, a squall struck the boat; she filled and sank, and every soul on board went from their Sabbath breaking into the presence of the God of the Sabbath. They had no time to call on God, or prepare for judgment, but were hurried to their long and solemn account."

"How fearful a judgment!"

"And yet, Mrs. Percy," said Harry, "it might have happened on any other day, and if the boat had had any other name."

"Very true, but the instances in which God has shown his abhorrence of the violation of the Sab-

bath are so numerous, that one may well fear to profane the day which God has set apart for himself."

"I wish," said Minnie, "to hear something more about this boat."

"When the boat had sunk, and the dead were beneath the bosom of the deep, friends upon the shore saw streaming from the mast above that watery sepulchre, the signal, inscribed with large letters, '*The Sabbath-breaker.*'"

"That was on the flag?"

"Yes."

"O how terrible it must have looked as it floated above the waters."

"Yes, it was a solemn warning, that might have well been heeded by all who saw it. It seemed to be God's judgment on the wicked."

Thus the day passed off—the holy Sabbath day. At night the young people sought repose, expecting to wake early on the morrow, and see the domes and minarets of Constantinople, a city which they wished to see scarcely less than they did the city of Jerusalem.

Onward ploughs the noble steamer, bearing her living freight: onward towards the proud capital of the Turkish empire, the home of the sultan, the seat of the Moslem power, and the queen of the East.



THE CATHEDRAL.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GOLDEN HORN.

FEW more animated and brilliant sights are ever seen than Constantinople presents to the voyager entering the Golden Horn. The morning on which our party arrived broke clear and beautiful, and just as the sun came forth, with untold splendor, in every beam, the *Italia* rode into the harbor of Constantinople. Everybody was on deck. Men, women, and children were alive with interest. "It beats Damascus," said Harry as he gazed on the mosques which seemed to be of silver, so white and shining did they appear in the sunlight. Walter, however, did not agree with Harry, though he was enchanted with this view of the Turkish capital.

"Where is the Golden Horn?" asked Minnie.

"We are in it," replied her brother.

"I don't see any horn."

"I do."

"Well, point it out to me."

"Why, Minnie this horn-shaped inlet of the sea

is called the 'Golden Horn.' 'Horn,' because of its shape, and 'Golden,' because of its beauties, I suppose."

"Then the Golden Horn is nothing but the harbor that we are now entering?"

"That is all."

"Then the Golden Horn is a cheat."

"O no."

"It is, for I expected something different."

"What did you expect?"

"I don't know."

"I guess you don't."

The steamer soon came to anchor just by the Seraglio of the sultan. On one side was Pera, and on the other was Stamboul. In front were the mosques, the dwellings, the shiny roofs, the cloud-piercing minarets, the green foliage, and the shining pinacles, in one grand bouquet of beauty. It was indeed a lovely sight, and not one single bosom of all that party but was thrilled with emotions of delight. They were soon ready to leave the steamer, and selecting from a large number of boats at hand, one of the best, Mr. Percy handed his wife and Minnie into it, and the rest of the party followed, and in a few minutes they were on shore on the Pera side.

Then came a severe luggage examination. It seems that the custom-house officials were more severe than usual just at this time. This unusual

care in examinations of luggage arose from several frauds which had recently been committed.

Walter afterward met a gentleman who told him that about a month before, an American woman had arrived, who appeared in a great hurry, and wished to escape the usual custom-house examination of baggage. She offered a very large sum of money to the examining officers to let her pass. Had she offered a small or moderate sum, they would have taken it, and passed her trunks without examination. But the large sum she offered was suspicious, and at once she became an object of more than usual interest. Suspicion being aroused, her trunks were all opened, and they were found to have false bottoms, and in the compartment of each was found a large sum of counterfeit Turkish paper money, manufactured in New York, whence she had come. The discovery in her trunks led to an examination of her person, and sewed up in her clothing was found a large amount more of this money. The woman was probably hired by some person to play this part, on the reasonable supposition that a contraband article would be less likely of detection than if carried by a man.

“How much did she have?” asked Walter.

“Several million piasters worth.”

“What is the worth of a piaster?”

“About 4.3 cents.”

"Then it would take more than twenty million piasters' worth to make a million dollars worth?"

"Yes."

"What did they do with the money?"

"Destroyed it."

"What did they do with the woman?"

"Put her in prison."

"Is she there now?"

"Yes."

"Can we see her?"

"Perhaps you could get access to her."

"I would like to."

"What for?"

"Only to see her, because she is an American."

"Perhaps it would be attended with some danger."

"What danger?"

"Can you not guess?"

"No, sir."

"She is an American."

"So you said."

"You are from America."

"Yes, sir."

"You would like to go to the prison?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the officers would be likely to think that, coming from the same country, and taking interest enough to go to the prison to see and talk with this detected woman, that you were in league with her."

“How so?”

“Because she must have accomplices. You, from her country, come to see her: who so likely to be her accomplices as your party?”

“I see it now, but I didn’t think.”

“Your father would have vouchers enough for his personal standing, in Constantinople, to get him out of trouble, but a visit to the prison would be suspicious.”

But we return to the custom-house. Here the party were subjected to various annoyances. Walter’s travelling sack was opened by a rough official who came up as if he had been the Sultan himself.

“Open it,” he said, in a strange language, which the lad did not understand, but which was interpreted by a man standing by.

Walter opened it.

“What you got here?” asked the man.

“Nothing subject to duty.”

“What’s that?” taking up an inkstand, of a peculiar pattern, which the lad had used ever since he left home. He might have known what it was, if he had had patience to look at it. But he tried to unscrew it, and could not. Then he tried to find some spring. At length, Walter opened it for him, and he looked into it, and smelled of it, and finally, with a shake of his head and a shrug of his shoulder, handed it back to the boy who stood laughing at him.

"Silly fellow," said he to Harry.

"Yes, what does he expect to find in your bag?"

"I don't know."

"See him handling your clean collars with his dirty paws."

"He is only doing his duty."

"Duty, with a vengeance."

"Hush!"

"Well, you may let him mix up your things, if you please, but I won't let him do so with mine; hang me if I do."

"Don't talk so, Harry," said Mr. Percy.

"What did I say?"

"You know. Such language for a boy does not sound well."

"I cannot help it, when I see that man working like that."

"Well, let him work. It will soon be over."

Next Mr. Bradley's bag was overhauled. The man took out article by article, shook the different pieces of clothing to see if there was anything concealed in them, and seemed to be very suspicious.

"Take care, take care," said Mr. Bradley.

The man grunted out something which was unintelligible.

"Hold on!"

Another growl.

"That is my shaving-case, be careful, tut, tut!"

The man was careful, for he threw them down

with other things he had taken out. At length, he came to a nice box, in the very bottom of the valise, and, as he drew it out, he turned a threatening glance at Mr. Bradley, as if he wished to say, "You scoundrel, I have caught you at last."

Mr. Bradley laughed.

The man made a sign for him to unlock the box.

He did so.

The officer seized it with the greatest eagerness, and opened the lid, and started back with disgust.

"Hom-e-path," he exclaimed, contemptuously, as he threw down the box which contained only about twenty little bottles filled with infinitesimal globules.

Mr. Bradley, a good-natured man, gathered up his things, and, arranging them the best way he could, crowded them into his valise again, and then turned to enjoy the sport with the others.

Mr. Tenant's turn came next. He had a very large bag, which was very full. He had been collecting little souvenirs of his tour all the way along, and many of these were in his valise. Among the rest he had a great number of stones, such as a piece of the foundation of the temple, some pebbles picked up in the brook, where David is said to have found the stones for his sling, and many others. These he had wrapped in pieces of white paper, and on the outside he had written the name of the article, and the circumstances under which he had obtained it.

He also had beads, medals, crosses, and various trinkets of ivory and pearl, none of which was subject to duty.

When the Turk came to these articles, he opened them one by one, turned them over, tried to read what was written on the wrappers, and laid them down open.

"What is he going to do?" asked Mr. Tenant of Dr. Forestall, who was by him."

"Don't know."

"I know," said Harry.

"What?"

"He is going to victimize you."

"How?"

"By confiscating all your trumpery."

"Don't you call this trumpery, you young rogue!"

"What is it?"

"Remembrances."

"Well, I have got none, and glad I am."

"O you villain, you!" screamed Mr. Tenant, springing towards the Turk.

"What—is—the—matter?" cried the boy.

"Don't you see?"

"Yes."

And, sure enough, they did see, for the Turk had scraped up all these assorted articles, which had been labelled with such care, and thrown them into the bag in confusion.

"Outrageous man," exclaimed Mr. Tenant, thoroughly provoked.

"It is too bad," chimed in Mr. Allston.

"I'd lick him," said one of the party whose name I will not mention.

"What did you do that for?" asked Mr. Tenant.

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"You have given me hours of trouble."

A low growl—that was all.

"You had better bear it philosophically, friend Tenant. You can make nothing out of the fellow," said Mr. Percy.

Mr. Tenant took his bag and went away to some distance, and looked into it sorrowfully. It was indeed "a muss," as Harry said.

At length they all got clear of the custom-house, and looked around for some vehicle to take them to the hotel where they were to stop while in the city. A person entering an eastern city will find, not carriages as in our country, bearing the names of the different hotels, but porters with cards recording the houses to which they belong. One of these met the gentlemen on ship-board, and they had concluded to go to *Hotel de l'Europe*, which was said to be an excellent place for the ladies.

"How shall we get up to the hotel?" which was up a high hill, asked Mr. Percy.

"Walk," said the porter.

"But the ladies?"

“They must walk.”

“O yes, we can,” said Mrs. Percy.

“I can hop on with the rest of you,” said Minnie, who was proud of her ability to walk as fast and as long as Walter or Harry.

“But the luggage—how will that go?”

“These men will take that,” said the porter pointing to two hammels who were at hand.

“But there are thirteen heavy valises and bags.”

“They can carry them.”

Seven of these heavy bags were strapped together and two men put them upon the shoulders of one of the hammels, and he started off. The load was very heavy. No one of the party could have carried it a hundred rods, but this old man of sixty years of age walked off with it, as if it had been a very trifling burden. The other six bags were put upon the shoulders of the other, in like manner, and the two men went on ahead while the party followed. The hill was very hard to climb, but Mrs. Percy and her daughter complained less than some of the gentlemen.

When they reached the hotel they found it to be a very homelike inn kept by a lady. The rooms were large and airy, and well supplied with water. Everything had an air of neatness and comfort, and all were much pleased. Walter and Harry had a room in company, and Minnie had a little bedroom adjoining that which her parents occupied.

When dinner-time came they went to the table, and found a repast, in the French style, but more elegant than anything they had seen since they left Paris. The table was loaded with fruits and flowers, and the delicacies of the season and clime abounded. The company at the table was very select, and they soon found that every comfort that could be required was at their service.

After dinner, being too weary to enter upon sight-seeing at once, they concluded to leave the ladies at the hotel to rest, while the gentlemen called on the consul of the American government. They had not much trouble in finding that official, who gave them a cordial welcome to Constantinople, introduced them to his household, and put them in the way of seeing the objects of interest in Constantinople. He seemed to be much interested in Walter, who asked him many questions.

"We are to stay here a week or two, how can we spend the time most profitably?"

"I can tell you. There are many American travellers visiting Constantinople, and they stay six or eight days, and to accommodate them, I have had printed a circular containing directions for seeing the city to the best advantage—a sort of travellers' guide-book, on a small scale."

"Can you furnish us with one?"

"Yes, here is one."

"Thank you, sir," said the boy taking it.

As some of the readers of this little volume may visit the East, we will give the card in full. It will also show at a glance how most travellers spend their time in the Turkish capital.

MEMORANDUM FOR AMERICAN TRAVELLERS VISITING
CONSTANTINOPLE.

SUNDAY. The Mevleee Dancing Dervishes have services in their convent at Cassim Pacha at 2 o'clock. Visitors may make an excursion in caiks, carriages, or on horse-back to Sweet Waters in Europe (*Khyt Khanah*), or go up the Tower of Galata for a view of the Capital, Golden Horn, Bosphorus.

MONDAY. As there is nothing especially to be seen on this day, travellers can visit the bazaars, the Hippodrome, ascend the Tower of the Serasker, or ride on horse-back round the walls of the city. In the latter case they may procure good horses in Pera, or trust to finding others in the city at the extremities of either of the lower bridges. They should ride to the Mosque of Eyoub, and visit its fine tombs, taking care not to attempt to enter the mosque, which is one of such superior sanctity in the eyes of the Mussulman population as to close it against Christians.

The view of the Golden Horn from the Hill above Eyoub is extremely beautiful. After this, the excursion round the city walls as far as the Seven Towers is very interesting, and near the latter, the Greek church of Balukli is worthy of a visit. The ride through the city, from the Seven Towers is dull.

TUESDAY. Admittance to the old Seraglio, the Mint, and the ancient Costumes of the Janisaries, can

only be had through application to the Legation or Consulate General, and it should be made a day or two previous to the intended visit. Permission can be obtained through the same source, if needed, for St. Sophia and the other mosques. Access to the 1001 columns and similar places is obtained at their entrance by means of the "open sesame" of the East, *Bakshish*.

WEDNESDAY. The Bosphorus is the chief point of attraction of Constantinople. Steamers run up and down it hourly every day. It is best seen during an excursion in a caik. A good one of three pairs of oars, or even two pairs, will hold four persons comfortably, and will row to Bujuk Dereh in favorable weather in two and a half or three hours. In a larger boat, such as an island caik a party of travellers may go into the Black Sea as far as the Cyenian Rocks. Returning they may land at the Sultan's Valley on the Asiatic shore, drive up in an ox carriage, ride upon horse-back, or make a foot excursion to the summit of the Giant's Mountain, whence there is a splendid view of the Black Sea and the Bosphorus. At Therapia and Bujuk Dereh are excellent hotels for lunch, or to put up in for a night, in case it be preferred to return on the following morning in the steamer.

THURSDAY. After an early breakfast, travellers may cross over to Scutari, in a steamer from the bridge, or take a small caik of two pairs of oars at Topkhana. At the wharf where they land, they will find Arabahs and horses for an excursion through a part of the cemetery to the summit of Mount Bulgaria whence is a fine view of Constantinople. At two o'clock the Ruffayee

(Howling Dervishes) hold a service in their convent, which it is very desirable to see. A walk to the great Barracks of Sultan Selim affords a fine view of its vicinity.

FRIDAY. The sultan, as caliph of the Mussulman world, attends mosque at noon-day. Information respecting the mosque which his Majesty designs visiting, can be procured, in the morning, of the Guard of Topkhanah. After witnessing the passage of the cortège which accompanies the sultan, a visit may be made to the "Heavenly Waters" (*Geuk Sou*) of Asia, where generally, from 1st July to October 30th, there is a large concourse of Mussulman visitors of both sexes.

SATURDAY. There is nothing special to be seen on this day which cannot be visited on any other, and it may be devoted to the bazaars.

All passports for Europe or Greece, must be vizéd at the Consulate General preparatory to receiving the viza of the Legation of the countries to be visited.

Travellers designing to travel in the interior of Turkey, require a *Firman*, or a *Teskereh*, either of which can be obtained by application to the Legation or Consulate General. The firman costs nothing, but the bakshishes amount to some P. 700, or P. 800, say \$25. All bankers have their offices in Galata. The Austrian land mail arrives Tuesday, and departs Wednesday.

The Austrian (Trieste) steamers arrive Thursday and Saturday, and depart Wednesday and Saturday.

The French steamers arrive Thursday and Saturday, and depart Wednesday and Friday.

Returning from the house of the consul they had an opportunity to see the people, and to note many

singular customs, which will be spoken of in succeeding chapters of this volume. The boys could not help laughing at some things they saw, but the gentlemen checked them for their rudeness, and Mr. Percy was obliged to tell them that they must be left at home in the next walk, if they were not more circumspect. Harry declared what was the truth, when he said that it was very hard for him to be circumspect anywhere, and that part of the work must be left to Walter, who had more command over himself, and who had been more carefully trained.

CHAPTER IX.

FIRST WALK IN STAMBOUL.

THE boys were up very early in the morning. They were very anxious to go over to the other side of the Golden Horn, and see all there was to see of Constantinople. They did not allow their older friends to sleep after daylight, but as soon as the sun began to show his smiling face in the east, they rapped at each door, and awakened the sleeper within.

"Who is there?" asked Mr. Percy.

"Walter," answered his son.

"What do you want?"

"The sun is up."

"I cannot get it down again."

"No, sir, but you can get up to see it."

"Well, go away, and we will soon be ready for breakfast."

They then rapped on Mr. Tenant's door.

"What is wanted?" asked that gentleman.

"You are wanted."

"What for?"

"Breakfast."

"Is it ready?"

"No, sir."

"Then, why are you knocking at my door?"

"That you may get up and order breakfast for us."

"Are the rest up?"

"They are getting up."

"Well, I will soon be on hand."

So they roused every one, Dr. Forestall giving them a severe scolding for disturbing his slumbers. But they were at the breakfast table very early, and, that meal being over, they were soon prepared to go out.

When they got into the streets, they began to see unusual sights. In a little chair they saw a woman carried along by two men, who seemed to feel themselves highly honored in being permitted to bear along the wealthy dame, who was seated in the curious vehicle.

"O father!" said Minnie, who was with the party.

"What, my child!"

"See that woman!"

"I do see her."

"What a funny way to get about."

"What is there funny about it?"

"Why, don't you see how these two men shake her up and down, and swing her right and left?"

"That is the way many of the ladies ride."

"I would not like to ride that way."

"Nor I, Minnie," said Harry.

"I would try it, if any body would carry me," said Walter, who did not see why such a mode of conveyance might not be very pleasant.

"Halloo," shouted Harry.

"What now?" asked one of the gentlemen.

"Look at those men."

"Yes."

"What are they about?"

"Transporting a hogshead of molasses."

"Why don't they put it on truck or in a dray?"

"Because they don't do things in that way here."

What Harry pointed out was the spectacle of twelve men who had poles on their shoulders, from which was suspended a cask of molasses, six men walking on one side, and six on the other. It was, indeed, a novel way of transporting it, and it is no wonder that Harry thought it so strange.

At length, they came to the Bridge of Boats, of which the boys had heard. It crosses the Golden Horn, and connects Pera with Stamboul. It consists of a large number of boats chained together, and covered with plank, making an excellent bridge. No one walking on the bridge could know that it was composed of boats, unless he looked over the sides.

No sooner had they crossed this bridge, than a new exclamation of surprise burst from one of the boys.

“What have you found now?” asked one of the gentlemen.

“See that carriage.”

They looked in the direction indicated, and saw an elegant, but cumbersome vehicle drawn by two horses, one ahead of the other. It came lumbering by, the party crowding up against the sides of the houses, to prevent it from running over them.

The carriages of Constantinople are of three kinds. The *Portentia*, or sedan, such as the boys saw on the other side of the bridge, is the most common. It is often carried by men, as in the case mentioned, and sometimes by horses. A lady, with her half-veiled face, is often seen peeping out of these curious contrivances, as she is jaggled along the streets, up hill and down, now swinging to the right and then to the left, as the man or beast bearing, the gig may incline.

The next is the *Araba*, a box on wheels drawn by three horses, and sometimes four, abreast. Whoever ventures into one of them is pretty sure to have his temper tried, his good nature put to flight, and, perhaps, his bones cracked. It is almost as much as a man's life is worth, to be jolted through the ill-paved streets, in a vehicle so comfortless and clumsy. Boys, who have ever had a ride in a hay-cart, may judge what it would be to ride in an araba.

Sometimes this araba is highly ornamented, looks very gay, and blazes with gilt, paint, and ribbons.

A description of one of the most elegant of them may not be uninteresting, and constitutes the third style of conveyances. "It is intended," says a descriptive writer, "for the conveyance of the inhabitants of Constantinople, and plies to the various quarters of the city and its environs. It is covered with an arched canopy, such as those which were formerly used by the priests of Rome, and are depicted on ancient medals of the time of Nero; to this canopy curtains can be attached so as completely to conceal those who are within the vehicle, and, when thus arrayed, the araba is employed to convey the women of the harem to the mosques or into the country, shutting them in effectually from the vulgar gaze. The sides of the carriages are richly ornamented, covered with the most beautiful sculptures, light and elegant in their design, and colored with taste and delicacy. These decorations are reproduced within the carriage, and are, if possible, more graceful than those without, for the Turk loves the beautiful as well or better than the useful. There are no benches or seats, the passengers being accommodated after the oriental fashion with mats, while the flooring of the carriage is covered with a rich carpet. The omnibus is entered by a ladder, at the back.

"The means which have been adopted for making the comfort of the passengers greater than it would otherwise be, are not at all complete, and, in most

instances, the deficiency of, or the clumsiness of the springs used, renders this mode of travelling very fatiguing. The streets of Constantinople are not the best in the world, and rumbling through them, at a quick pace, in a Turkish omnibus, is not the most exhilarating or agreeable process. But the look of the carriages prepossesses one in their favor.

“The pole of the team is attached to the first axle-tree and to the horizontal board which connects it with the second; it is richly ornamented with sculptured foliage, and tastefully painted after the style of the vehicle. The carriage is drawn by a pair of oxen, and from the front of the pole which separates them arise two slender pieces of iron, each bearing twenty-one silken tassels, which add considerably to the picturesque effect of the whole. These omnibuses are among the most interesting objects of the Turkish capital. Wandering through the busy streets, among the turbaned heads, and dark visages, and full-robed figures, dreamily thinking of the glories of its past history, of Mohammed with his new faith, of the idolatry of the Kaaba, of the battles, triumphs, and defeats of these ancient people, of the mysterious harems and wondrous mosques, the traveller is surprised by the approach of one of these arabas, with its stately oxen, their horns all hung with ribbons like sacrificial bulls, the gilded and painted carriage, a very marvel to behold, and the varied-colored costumes of the men

and women within, as bright and variegated as a rainbow."

Carriages so elaborate as this are seldom seen, though sometimes the traveller gets a sight of one, as gay as is here represented.

"What have we come over here for?" asked Dr. Forestall.

"To see," answered his friend Dunnallen.

"What?"

"The place and people."

"To see the place we want some point of observation different from these narrow streets and crowded bazaars."

"Where can we get it?"

"From the pinnacle of one of the mosques."

"But how to get there?"

"I don't know as it will be difficult to find some way to the top of one of those minarets."

"I have heard," said Mr. Percy, "that there are several high fire-towers, from which views of the city can be obtained."

"What are fire-towers?" asked Walter.

"They are high towers, on which men are stationed at all hours of the day and night, to give an alarm if a fire should break out in the city, or in the suburbs."

"From them, can you see all over the city?"

"I suppose so."

"Where are they?"

"I don't know, but I believe one of them is called *Seraskier*, or something like that."

"Perhaps we can find one of these towers."

"We can try."

"How! we don't know the language."

"We can use our common sense."

"It will take uncommon sense to make the people we meet here understand any thing we say."

But after awhile they found the tall tower, to which Mr. Percy referred, and found that, by the payment of a trifle, they could climb to the top, and obtain a view of the country round about. They entered the door, at the foot of the cabin, and soon found themselves in total darkness, stumbling up the spiral stair-case.

"Count the steps, Walter!" said Harry.

"Yes, I am doing so—six, seven, eight——"

"Whew, I have bumped my head!"

"Take care of your head," answered some one in the dark.

When Walter had counted to twenty-seven steps, they came to a little turret window in the tower, from which they looked out upon the city. They found that they were already as high as the tops of the houses.

"Come on, boys!" said Mr. Tenant.

"Twenty-eight—twenty-nine—thirty," said Walter, as they went on the winding way.

At the one hundred and fifth step the boys sat

down and rested a moment at a window that opened out upon the city; then, rising, they went on again.

"One hundred and sixty-one," exclaimed Walter, as he reached the last stone step, and passed out to a spacious gallery, which runs around the tower near the top.

"What a view!" exclaimed Mr. Tenant, as he came up and stood between the boys.

"Splendid!" said Walter.

Harry echoed the same sentiment; so did they all.

And it was, indeed, a very fine view. Right before them was the mosque of St. Sophia, and that of Sultan Achmed. A little farther away was the old Seraglio, with its quaint architecture, and its curious outlines. Beyond them were the smooth, glassy waters of the Bosphorus. On one side was the Golden Horn spanned by its bridge of boats: on the other, the Marmora.

"This is the place to see Constantinople," said Mr. Percy.

"Not as good as the entrance of the Golden Horn," replied Dr. Forestall.

"I think the reverse. From the harbor we could only see the city, like a pile of mosques, minarets, and foliage. Here we see its outlines, the surrounding country, these beautiful waters, and are able to trace the streets, as they run on their zig-zag way."

"Very true. I was thinking of the city only."

They stood gazing off into the city, admiring its beauties, and praising its fine surroundings.

"Gentlemen have some vin?" asked an old man, coming up to them, as they stood looking.

"Wine did you say?"

"Yes."

"We do not want it," replied Mr. Percy, looking at a huge pitcher the man carried.

"I should like some," said Harry.

"I think you had better not drink wine, Harry."

"It won't hurt me."

"It won't do you any good, and may do you much harm."

"What! a little wine?"

"Yes."

"I don't see how."

"I do. I have known many young men ruined body and soul by the use of wine."

"Well, if you have; my father has used it all his life-time, and he is not a ruined man."

"Because your father has escaped a drunkard's grave, Harry, it is no proof that you will, if you begin the use of wine or strong drink."

"Oh, wine is it? It is only lemonade," Minnie cried.

The child had been looking into the pitcher, and found that the man only had some nice lemonade.

"Ah, Harry," said Mr. Percy, "you may drink as much of that wine as you wish."

"Minnie deserves the thanks of all the party for

finding out what sort of wine, it is," said Mr. Tenant, who proposed that all should try it. They found it very pleasant to the taste, and Harry said it was better than any wine he had ever tasted at his father's table.

They remained on the tower which, in form, somewhat resembles that in Place Vendome, Paris, and then went down the winding stair-case to the ground.

Just as they emerged from the door at the foot of the tower, they met one of the American missionaries, who had called on them the night before.

"I can give you an idea of the way things are done in the Turkish capital, by relating an annoyance which I have just experienced," he said to Mr. Percy.

"What is the annoyance, sir?" asked the gentleman.

"I have been trying to send a telegram to a friend some miles out in the country, and have met with a most serious difficulty."

"Ah!"

"The telegram related to important business matters. The charge for sending a dispatch is so much for so many words under a certain number. When I had written the dispatch, I found that I had the right to add just three words, without increasing the charge."

“That is the same system we have at home.”

“Yes. Well, I added, ‘No battle yet,’ alluding to American matters. When I took it to the office, the operator read it. ‘What does that mean?’ he asked, pointing to the last three words. I told him that it referred to the fact that, although civil war had commenced in America, no battle had been fought. He asked, ‘How do we know what you mean? It may mean that no battle has been fought in the empire, and may relate to some insurrection about to break out.’ ‘You may add,’ I said to him, ‘the words, in America.’ Still he shook his head, and would not do it. Then I urged—‘Scratch off the whole, and omit everything about the battle.’ But his suspicions were aroused, and he would not send the dispatch at all, and I am annoyed.”

“Where is the office?” asked Mr. Tenant.

“Over yonder,” replied the missionary.

“Let me put it through for you.”

“If you can, I would be obliged to you for it.”

Mr. Tenant took the dispatch, wrote it over in his hand-writing, and went to the office. The operator looked at him sharply, but said nothing, and sent the dispatch on its way. The instance is worth recording, as it illustrates the narrow policy, and the suspicious nature of the Turkish government.

Walking on they soon found themselves in the bazaars, those objects of attraction to the stranger in oriental cities.

"What has this man to sell?" asked Walter as they met a man with an enormous basket on his back, and scales in his hand.

"He is a grape and raisin merchant," answered his father.

"Oh, buy some, pa, for me," cried Minnie.

"Some what?"

"Some grapes."

"If he has any, I will."

The man now advanced towards them, and taking out a few very fine bunches of grapes, laid them in his scales.

"Make the trade, Walter," said his father.

"How much do you ask?" asked the boy.

The man muttered something that the boy could not understand. Walter then took out some Turkish money, and held it in his open palm. The man looked at it, and selecting seven nice bunches of grapes, weighed them, and gave them to the boy.

"There are ten of us," said the boy, "we must have three bunches more."

"And one to carry home to mamma," suggested Minnie.

"O yes, certainly."

Four more bunches were counted out, and more



DIVING GRAPES.

W. H. B. & Co.

money being held out, the vender made his selection, took what he wanted, and passed on. Little Minnie took charge of the bunch of grapes for her mother, and was very careful that they should not be injured.

"I should not like to carry such a basket as that on my back, should you, Walter?" asked Minnie.

"No."

"I wouldn't," said Harry.

"But if you were obliged to?" asked Walter.

"I would not be obliged to."

"This man is."

"I know it, but I will never work hard for a living."

"You may be obliged to, and if you are, there is no harm in working."

"No harm, of course not."

"Nor any dishonor."

"But—I never will."

"Don't say that, Harry."

"When work is before you both honest and good,
On the hot sunny plain, or in cool shady wood,
On the farm, in the store, in the shop, or the mill,
Then do not say foolishly, 'I never will!'"

"All right, Walter, I will not argue the question with you, for I know you will get the advantage of me in an argument."

Thus conversing they slowly wended their way towards their hotel, where they arrived just in

season for the *table d'hôte* which the young reader will remember is the common table. Minnie laid the grapes upon her mother's table, and put a little piece of paper on the bunch on which was written, "For dear Mother."

♦

CHAPTER X.

TOUR AMONG THE MOSQUES.

ALMOST the first visits a stranger in Constantinople makes will be to the mosques, which are so conspicuous in the city. These places of Mohammedan worship are so elegant and capacious, that in a Turkish city, they are objects of the first importance. So one morning the party determined that the tour that day should be among the sacred edifices, and with Minnie and her mother, they started out.

"Where do we go first?" asked Walter of his father.

"To the mosques."

"Yes, I know, but to which?"

"To the most prominent."

"And which is that?"

"Oh, St. Sophia, of course."

"Is that the largest?"

"Yes, or, if not the largest, it is the most prominent and beautiful."

Guided by the tall minarets of the mosque, they found their way to St. Sophia, the boys asking many questions as they passed along.

"Who built St. Sophia?" asked Harry.

"Constantine," replied Mr. Tenant.

"No, that cannot be."

"Why not?"

"Because Constantine was not a Mohammedan."

"Certainly not."

"Then why did he build a mosque?"

"It was not built for a mosque."

"Ah!"

"It was built for Christian worship."

"That alters the case."

"He dedicated it to St. Sophia."

"But I see no evidences of Christian worship in any of the mosques; are there any in this?"

"No, they were removed when the buildings fell into the hands of the Moslems."

"You said this mosque was the largest in the city."

"Mr. Percy did, I believe, and he was right. It is not only the largest in the city, but in the world, the extent being nearly equal to St. Peter's at Rome."

The party thus conversing reached the mosque. They were allowed to enter the body of the building, but went first into one of the galleries, and surveyed the structure, which is a very wonderful one.

The form of the edifice is spoken of as a "contracted Greek cross, and consists of a vast cupola, supported by pilasters of gigantic dimensions; the

space beneath is magnificent. Surrounding the dome are galleries raised on columns, which are mostly composed of a single block of granite; but many of them betray evident marks of the action of earthquakes, being much out of the perpendicular. The galleries themselves are very high; and when standing in them, you are not far removed from the base of the dome." It was with some difficulty that they ascended one of them, by means of an inclined plane contained in a square tower on the outside of the mosque.

"What enormous galleries these are," said Walter to his father.

"Yes, an army of ten thousand men could drill in them."

This was hardly true, but nearly so, the galleries being wonderful in extent. As the company looked over into the room, they were filled with awe at the grandeur of the place. The people below looked like little pigmies, as they walked about.

While in this gallery, Harry came very near getting into serious difficulty. The boy was somewhat reckless and thoughtless, and concluded to write his name on one of the marble pillars. So lingering behind his companions he took out his lead pencil, and prepared to write upon the stone. There were several Turks in the gallery, but they seemed to be paying no attention to any one. Some of them were lying down, and seemed to be asleep. Some

of them were lounging against the pillars, or hanging over the rails.

Harry raised himself on tiptoe, and began to write, and in very good shape appeared the following letters—

“HARRY ST. C——.”

He was not allowed to finish the name, for each one of the listless, indolent, sleepy Turks had risen to his feet with yells of indignation, and rushed towards the lad, who turned appalled at the sudden interruption.

“What is the matter?” he asked, as the men came at him, as if to tear him to pieces.

The men raved and gesticulated.

“What is the matter?” repeated Harry.

Instead of giving him an answer they laid hold of him, and were about to drag him from the gallery. The gentlemen sprang forward, and planted themselves in the way of the ferocious Turks. They saw that decision was required, and regardless of the consequences, took the boy from his captors. The men finding themselves outnumbered, moved away muttering curses on the whole party.

“Harry,” said Mr. Percy, “you should know better.”

“Why, sir, what harm was it?”

“No harm, perhaps, but these pillars were not put here to be defaced by inscriptions.”

“I was only going to write my name.”

"That would have disfigured it."

"I didn't think."

"You should think, for we may get into trouble now on your account before we get through."

"I hope not."

"So do I, but you must be more careful in future."

"I will try, sir."

On descending from the gallery, they took off their shoes, and sending the ladies round another way, crossed the pavement of the mosque, and looked about the building below.

"Mr. Tenant," said Walter.

"What, my boy?"

"What is that niche or alcove for?"

"That is the place where the altar used to be when the place was a Christian temple."

"And what is that dim picture above the altar?"

"Oh, that is the portrait of St. Sophia."

"I thought you said all the vestiges of the Christian worship were removed?"

"I did, but I forgot this. I knew it was here."

"So it has been here for centuries?"

"Yes."

"Is there not here a sweating column?"

"A what?"

"A sweating column."

"I don't know. What do you mean?"

"Why, Lady Montague says there is a certain

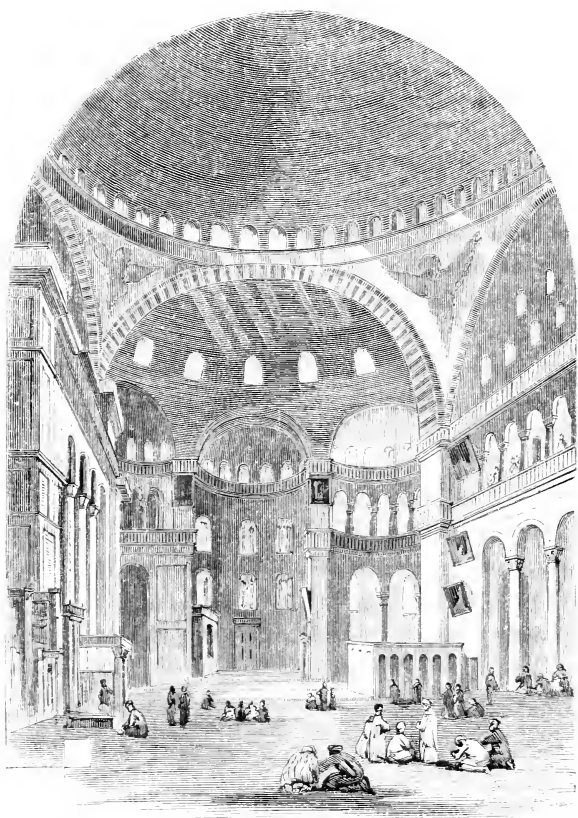
column here, which has miraculous healing powers, which Mohammedans say, 'arise from the hand of the prophet having rested on it; the Christians maintaining that ever since the Christian church came into the hands of the infidels, the pillar has been endued with the property of, as it were, shedding tears in witness of its horror at the profanations to which it is forced to be a spectator.'"

"We will find the pillar, if it is here."

"I think it is the Hon. Mrs. Damer, an English lady, who came here, and says that on placing her hand on it, it certainly appeared quite moist and warm to the touch; and mentions that she also fancied it in some measure scented, which inspired a few not unreasonable suspicions as to the supposed natural phenomenon."

They found the pillar, but could not see that it was sweating, or was scented at all.

When they had seen all they wanted to of the building, they went away talking about the edifice, which is 180 feet high, 269 long, and 143 broad. It is indeed a wonderful structure. Built by Constantine in the fourth century; rebuilt by Justinian in the sixth century, it stands a rival of its Roman compeer. It was first called, as the historian tells us, "the Temple of Divine Wisdom," and was built of granite and porphyry, and white, blue, green, black and veined marbles. It has eight porphyry columns, taken by Aurelius from the great temple of the sun



INTERIOR OF ST. SOPHIA.

at Baelbec; eight jasper ones from the temple of Diana at Ephesus; and others from Troas, Cyzicus, Athens, and the Cyclades. Its dome and roof are supported by columns of the temples of Isis and Osiris; of the sun and moon, at Heliopolis and Ephesus; of Minerva, at Athens; of Phœbus, at Delos; and of Cybele, at Cyzicus. Over the main cross were inscribed the words of the vision, '*In hoc signo vinces.*' After its destruction by fire, it was sixteen years rebuilding. When completed, Justinian entered with the Patriarch on Christmas day, and running alone to the pulpit, cried out, 'God be praised, who hath esteemed me worthy to complete such a work. Solomon, I have surpassed thee!'"

The party, leaving St. Sophia, went to the mosque of Ayoub, then to Solyman, then to that of Sultan Achmet, after which they were all weary enough to go home. They saw nothing peculiar in these mosques, and, after having looked at St. Sophia, were not disposed to remain long in them.

As they went back to their quarters in Pera, they conversed about what they had seen.

"I wish," said Harry, "I could send a description of this city to my father."

"Why don't you?" asked Walter.

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't like to write."

"There are many things we don't like to do that we ought to do."

"I know it. But I wish you would write out a description of Constantinople, and let me send it to the old man, who——"

"Old man! Call your father *old man*?"

"Well."

"You should be more respectful."

"Well, I will, if you will only write for me."

"No."

"Why not?"

"I have no time, and besides, I don't think it would be right."

"Why not?"

"Because you would palm off upon your father a letter which you did not write."

"There would not be any harm in that."

Mr. Tenant overheard the conversation.

"Walter is right," he said.

"I don't think he is," answered Harry.

"You should love to do your own work, my boy. You have a disposition to let Walter do all the mental labor. The cultivation of your own mind requires you to write."

"I can't."

"You can."

"I don't want to."

"I know you don't, and for that very reason you

should. I have a little scrap in my pocket that I would like to have you read."

"You always have a scrap in your pocket. What a man you are, Mr. Tenant!"

"When I see anything good, I usually preserve it for future use."

"What is the scrap?"

"Here it is."

Harry took the little slip of paper in his hand and began to read it to himself.

"Read it aloud," said Walter.

"It is pretty good," replied the boy.

"Read it so that I can hear. I might as well have the benefit of it, too."

Harry then read aloud, as follows:—

"One lazy day, a farmer's boy
Was hoeing out the corn,
And moodily had listened long,
To hear the dinner horn.
The welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he dropped his hoe—
The good man shouted in his ear,
'My boy, hoe out your row.'

"Although a hard one was the row,
To use a plowman's phrase,
And at last, as sailors say,
Beginning well to 'haze,'
'I can,' said he, and manfully
He seized again his hoe—
The good man kindly smiled to see
The boy hoe out his row.

"The lad the text remembered then,
And proved the moral well—
That perseverance to the end
At last will nobly tell.
Take courage, man! resolve you can,
And strike a vigorous blow,
In life's great field of arduous toil,
Hoe always out your row."

"Very good," said Walter, as the reading closed.

"Very good," replied Harry, "but I don't see how that poetry is applicable to me."

"I do," said Mr. Tenant.

"How?"

"You like to shirk labor."

"I do?"

"Yes."

"I did not know that."

"Mental labor, I mean. You don't like to study."

"Perhaps I don't. I thought you said that I didn't love work, or was lazy."

"O no, Harry; we all know that there is no lazy blood in you."

"Study is a different thing."

"Yes, and you like to get clear of that."

"I admit that."

They had now reached the bridge of boats, which was thronged with people, crossing and recrossing. Minnie wanted to stop and see how the boats were fastened together, and, in her anxiety for this, came near being plunged into the water. They reached

the hotel, and repaired to their respective rooms to prepare for dinner, which was served in the dining-hall, in *table-d'hôte* style. The dinner was like a French meal, and everything on the table was of the nicest kind, and they all enjoyed it very much. Minnie sat on one side of her father, and her mother on the other. Walter and Harry were between Mr. Tenant and Dr. Forestall, and, being almost the only persons at the table, the party had a very pleasant conversation as they ate.

"Who keeps this hotel?" whispered Harry to Mr. Tenant.

"Madame Destaniano, an English woman, who married a Turkish husband."

"Then she is a *Femme Turque*, as Walter says."

"Hardly that."

Mr. Percy now called the boys from the table to their rooms, where they found a few gentlemen awaiting them. They introduced themselves as missionaries of the American Board. Of some of them Mr. Percy had heard, and he was very glad to see them, and they, in turn, were much pleased to meet a company of their own countrymen, who were able to give them much information concerning the outbreak in the States.

The boys were allowed to go out by themselves, and they marched away, and, at length, found a print store, where they purchased some pictures to carry home with them. The trader did not under-

stand the language they spoke, nor did they comprehend what he said, but by signs they made him know what they wanted. Walter selected a view of the mosque of St. Sophia, a picture of the Seraglio, a fine cut of the Bridge of Boats, and several others. Harry took the picture of a woman in Turkish costume, two or three of the hammels, in various costumes, and some other fancy sketches. He got tired of them before he got back to the hotel, and, on Mr. Allston expressing some admiration of them, sold them to that gentleman at just what he bought them for, and thought he had saved just so much money. Harry was a strange boy.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SERAGLIO.

"WE are going to the seraglio to-day," said Mr. Percy to the boys, as they came into the room one morning.

"The seraglio! I have heard of that. What is it?" asked Harry.

"It is the old palace of the sultan."

"Can we go in freely?"

"Yes, but we must have a firman from government."

"What is that?"

"A Turkish passport."

"Oh!"

"The place is of much historical interest, and when we go there, we will give you some account of it, and the scenes which have transpired within its walls."

The firman arrived, and with it a Turkish official to conduct the party through the remarkable pile of buildings. They started, Mrs. Percy and Minnie riding in a sedan chair, and the gentlemen and boys going on foot. They reached the edifice about the

middle of the forenoon. The grounds of the palace are about three miles in circumference, and occupy the old city of Byzantium. They entered by the main gate, between files of soldiers. Walter noticed that there were little niches in the walls on both sides.

"What are these for?" he asked of the Turkish official who had been appointed to go through with them, and who could converse in English

"They are put to a bad use."

"What use?"

"They are for heads."

"What kind of heads?"

"Like yours and mine."

"I don't understand."

"Those niches are for the heads of executed political prisoners to stand in. After the execution the trunkless head is brought here, so that every one that enters can see it."

"Oh, awful!"

"Not very."

When they arrived at the main passage the gentlemen were forced to take off their shoes, and plod along in their stockings.

They were taken to the royal bed-chamber, in which is the princely couch, nine feet long and thirteen feet wide; to the library, a dingy, gloomy apartment, which hardly paid for looking through; to the luxurious baths fitted up with the greatest elegance; to the halls in which the wives of the

sultan were accustomed to amuse each other and him with games of various kinds; to the bed-chambers, the pavilions of the favorite wives, the secret passages and the open galleries.

Looking out the windows they saw fine gardens, sparkling fountains, delicious fruit, and grand landscape views. About the whole was an air of indolent repose, but no real taste or symmetry. The buildings must have been quite gorgeous in their day, but time and neglect have faded them. The sultan and his wives live at the new palace of Dol-mabaktche, and the old seraglio has since been kept for public exhibition, until it was destroyed by fire in 1862.

As they sat in the luxurious divans, Harry claimed the fulfillment of Mr. Percy's promise to tell them something about the history of this building.

"I don't know much, after all," said the gentleman.

"Tell what you do know."

"The site of this old structure is one of the most historic in all Stamboul. I have read something about it in times past, and can give you all I know about the building and the place. 'In the earliest Byzantine days it was covered by the Acropolis of the new eastern capital; later by a palace of the Empress Placidia; later still, by another and grander imperial residence, reared by Justinian, on the ruins of which other palaces were successively built, till

Mohammed II. erected that of which the structure, in which we now sit."

"Who was Mohammed II., Mr. Percy?"

"He was a Turkish sultan."

"When did he reign?"

"He began his reign in 1451, and was a most excellent sultan. He was born in Adrianople. With an army of 300,000 men he took Constantinople after a siege of fifty-three days. He then made Constantinople his capital, and built this palace. He died by poison, after having conquered two hundred different cities."

"Have any noted events taken place here?"

"O yes."

"What are they?"

"Why, in this very room, where you are sitting, Sultan Selim III. was assassinated."

"O murder!"

"It was murder once, but you need not start so."

"Who else has been killed here?"

"Mustapha IV."

"Was he killed in this room?"

"I don't know about that, but he was assassinated somewhere in this palace."

"I don't feel like staying here."

"The dead will not harm you. If ghosts could trouble you, there would be enough of them, for doubtless every part of this place has witnessed assassinations."

“When did Selim III. reign?”

“From 1789 to 1807.”

“And Mustapha IV.?”

“From 1807 to 1808.”

“Only one year?”

“That is all.”

“Who killed them?”

“Selim was deposed at the instance of the grand mufti, and——”

“Who is the grand mufti? How little I know!”

“Mufti is a Turkish divinity doctor. There is one in every town, and the mufti of Constantinople is called the grand mufti. He is the head of the Turkish Church, and in former times had great power—almost as much as the sultan himself.”

A conversation then arose about the harem. The young reader will understand that the wealthy Turks have several wives, and the place where these wives live is called *the harem*. Strictly the word means a sanctuary, but has been applied to the place where the Turkish women are kept from the public gaze, and has come at length to be applied to the collection of wives themselves. Thus the sultan's harem is his wives. The separation of the sexes runs all through this life, and even extends beyond death, for the male and female are never buried in the same grave. The harem of a wealthy Turk consists of a splendid suite of apartments, where the wives and their female slaves are kept.

These apartments are often decorated in a style of great magnificence. Lady 'Montagu describes a harem, which she saw, "as containing winter apartments wainscoted with inlaid work of mother-of-pearl, ivory of different colors, and olive wood; and summer apartments, the walls of which were all encrusted with porcelain, the ceilings gilt, and the floors spread with the finest Persian carpets."

Of course, the party were not permitted to see the inside of any of these harems, except that of the Seraglio, from which the women had been removed. Nor could they get a glance from the street, however much the natural curiosity of mankind might have prompted them. Even the windows are latticed, so that only now and then a clear, black eye is seen, which is at once withdrawn, as you glance up at it. European ladies do sometimes get into the harems, and, when they come out, they tell us what they see. Hon. Mrs. Damer, who had fine opportunities of seeing the interior of these Turkish paradises, gives us a description of one in the house of Osman Bey. The house stood near the mosque of Sultan Achmet, and had all the character of the residence of a Turkish grandee. She was introduced to the harem by a black eunuch. "Standing at the door were five slaves, of various hues—black, white, and copper-colored; further in the room was an old lady and her sister, and near them, but sitting on mattresses spread on the floor, were three beauti-

fully-dressed women, Osman Bey's wives,—his favorites." Other apartments opened, and revealed new recesses and new faces. The decorations of the rooms, and the dresses of the ladies were gorgeous in the extreme. The ladies began at once to examine the dress and jewelry of their English visitor, and entered into conversation with her on a variety of themes. After conversing awhile, "the slaves retired, and presently returned, bringing in sweetmeats and coffee, the partaking of which was a long ceremony, as each lady walked to the door, where the slaves were still stationed, and brought back one thing at a time, which they presented us, in a most unaffected, and, consequently, graceful manner. A black slave held the coffee. The tray on which the silver cups were placed was covered with a sort of embroidered napkin, of a blue ground, spangled with gold." As they were about retiring, Mrs. Damer excused herself, by saying that she was about to proceed to a bath, when the ladies insisted that she should take bath in the harem. She and her friends were invited to the ante-rooms of the bath, where wine and choice viands were provided, of which, though they had come from one feast, they were obliged to partake. The process, through which this lady was taken, by the women of the harem, was quite amusing, as she herself describes it. "As soon as they perceived we had finished our *dejeuné*, we received a signal from a black

slave to join them, which we accordingly did, and found that the bath was ready. Nothing could be cleaner, or in better order, than we found it, and it was conducted with much more general *agrément* than an English bath. A sort of silken mantle was given me for a bathing, or rather steaming, dress, and I was rubbed with soft, delightful soap by a white slave, the ladies amusing themselves by peeping at us through a window above. The towels were of silk, and beautifully embroidered. They seemed much put out by my declining to wash my hair, and took it down, chiefly, I fancy, to see if it were my own. They were much surprised at its being so long, as their own hair, though thick and of beautiful quality, is of no great length, nor is it in the profusion of the Greeks. A black slave was much amused at all the paraphernalia of my English dress, and seemed to be very much puzzled over the stays; the pins she handled very much as if she coveted them. Neither ladies nor slaves could master a hook and eye which was to be fastened, and at length, severally, gave up the puzzle, with fits of laughter."

It may be interesting to some of the readers of this book to know something about the dress of these Turkish ladies at home, and, as the traveller just quoted has given us the description, we present it as found in a sketch of Nourri Effendi's harem, which she visited. "In a room wholly unfurnished,

save by a divan, stood, leaning against the wall, a very pretty girl, about thirteen years old, to whom he had been married six months. Her dress was beautiful: a straw-colored ferigee, a vest of pink-satin, ornamented with black braid, the sleeves of which were tight almost to the wrist, but descended from thence most gracefully to the ground, giving one quite the idea of a pair of wings; these, when they are at work, they fold up in the neatest manner possible, and then contrive to place them quite out of sight, in the other part of the sleeve. Her trowsers were of white sarsenet, but so long as to impede her motions, and give her a very shuffling gait. She wore neither shoes nor stockings, and we occasionally caught a glimpse of a very pretty and white foot, though not remarkably small. Upon our expressing admiration at her dress, she became more at ease than at our first entrance; and, at Sahib's desire, went to fetch her *costume de fête*, which was a robe of lilac cashmere, most beautifully embroidered in gold, and at the same time so massively, that it was almost too heavy to hold in one's hand."

Perhaps this description of the Seraglio and the harem cannot be closed more appropriately than by an allusion to the fate of the old palace, which has a history stretching back through centuries. It did not stand long after our party of travellers visited it. If ever Walter and Harry goes to Constantinople again, they will not see it there. It was burned in

1862. It had a romantic history, and its very destruction seems to breathe with romantic ideas. A spectator of that conflagration describes the scene in the following words:—"A positive calamity has befallen Stamboul. The old palace of Selim, of Mustapha, and of Mahmoud—next to the principal mosques, the most unique and characteristic architectural feature on the south side of the Golden Horn—has been levelled by the flames. The disaster which has thus deprived the Turkish capital of one its most striking and historically interesting monuments, happened on Monday forenoon, when, about eleven o'clock, the sudden bursting out of a column of black smoke, from the southern extremity of the building, announced to nearly every quarter of the city that the quaintly beautiful old building, which had escaped the fiery vicissitudes of a hundred years, had at length fallen a prey to the common local fate. In little more than half an hour the whole pile was hopelessly and irretrievably ablaze before the first of the scores of wretched engines which hurried from every quarter of the capital to the scene of the calamity could even reach the point, the old palace was far beyond the reach of salvation, by any local means. The Grand Vizier, who happened to be at the Dolma-baktche at the time, was the first on the spot, having hurried across in one of the palace caiques. He was speedily followed by the whole of the other ministers, nearly all the gene-

ral officers of the garrison, and about three thousand troops. Of the many narrow escapes, that of the Grand Vizier was one of the closest. Accompanied by a dozen or so of soldiers, his Highness had penetrated into the centre of the building, where it was believed some of the fair inmates yet remained. Whilst searching for these, the flames literally surrounded the room in which Fuad Pacha and his companions were, and it was only by escaping through a window, which opened on the Marmora, that his Highness and the men with him effected their retreat,—but a few minutes before, the roof of the room they had left fell in. By three the work of destruction was complete. The fire, indeed, still raged at that hour in the detached buildings in the rear and round towards Yali Kiosk, but of the old palace on the Point only the outer court walls and the tottering chimney stacks remained. About an hour after the fire broke out the Sultan himself proceeded to the scene, but, on the urgent advice of the ministers, his Majesty remained only a short time in the dangerous neighborhood, returning to Dolma-baktche, whence the progress of the conflagration was nearly as visible as from the perilous spot itself.

“On the completion of the new palace of Dolma-baktche, the late Sultan removed to the latter residence, and the old building sunk into a retreat for the surviving (and unmarried) members of his

father's harem. On the death of Abdul Medjid himself, the former inmates were cleared out, and the ladies of his own late establishment installed in their stead. These consisted of four *kadin effendis* (or wives) and about three hundred other females of lower harem rank. Besides this goodly company, the establishment included nearly a hundred white and black eunuchs and other servants, the whole of whom were in it when the calamity of Monday occurred. The fire is said to have originated in a small kitchen attached to the suite of apartments occupied by the fourth *kadin*, who had barely time to hasten to the adjoining rooms of her late conjugal colleagues—disturbing them at their after breakfast coffee and chibouque, and urge immediate flight before the flames spread from her own chamber to those of the other ladies. The whole of these, as also the other women, eunuchs, and servants, managed to effect their retreat into the outer front court, and there they were found half an hour later by the *hasnadur vista* (lady governess) of the palace, who hastened from Dolma-baktche to take charge of the burnt-out establishment. The whole were speedily and safely removed in caiques and carriages, first, in part to some of the neighboring harems, and finally, in the course of the afternoon, to Dolma-baktche. Efforts were made to save some portions of the costly wardrobes, jewels, and furniture thus hastily abandoned, but with

hardly any success. The whole may be said to have fallen a prey to the flames. Happily, the old jewelled arms and other precious antiquities, which visitors to this historic treasure-house will remember, were removed some months ago to Yeni kiosk, a modern stone building on the crown of the hill behind, which has escaped the general ruin; and there they and the silver gilt throne which does duty at Bairam under the 'Beautiful Gate'—nearer still to St. Sophia—still safely repose. But the old Serail itself is gone; and, rich as nearly every court and chamber of it was in historical association, the three hundred thousand pounds—or thereabouts—intrinsic value of the building and its contents, is, perhaps, the least element in the loss which its destruction entails on Stamboul."

Thus winds up the history of one of the most noted palaces of the world. With its ascending flames passed away the memories of sad and tragic scenes, with whole volumes of romance and poetry.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SULTAN.

WHEN travellers go to any country they wish early in their visit to see the king, queen, emperor, or president. A stranger in London will not be there long before he will get some opportunity of seeing Victoria, the excellent queen of Great Britain. He will, soon after reaching Paris, find some way of seeing Louis Napoleon. Walter and Harry were both very anxious to see the sovereign of Turkey. The word sultan is derived from the Arabic, and means supreme ruler, or despotic ruler, and the sultan of Turkey has more absolute power, than the ruler of any other great people.

"We shall have a chance of seeing the sultan to-day," said Mr. Percy at the table one morning.

"How?" asked one gentleman.

"It is Friday, and he goes to the mosque to-day."

"How does he go?"

"He is rowed in his caique from his new palace to some point near the mosque."

"Then we must see him."

"Certainly."

“But by what process?”

“Why, we must be at the palace when he embarks, or at the mosque when he arrives.”

So this was decided, that the day should be given up to seeing the sultan.

They went to the landing, and hired a caique for the day, and having an hour or two before the sultan would appear, took a row upon the waters of the Golden Horn. No one who visits Constantinople, will fail to take this row at some time during his visit.

The caique is a fancy boat peculiar to Constantinople, but resembling our race-boats. A number of them leaping through the waters of the Bosphorus, gives us the idea of a regatta in our own waters. There are no seats. The passenger seats himself in the middle of the boat on a rich cushion, and stretches out his legs as best he can, while the boatsman propels him through the water with the greatest velocity. Sometimes the caique is rowed by one man, and often by a larger number. The boats vary much in style and richness, but all of them are gay and beautiful. From the humble boat of the poor fisherman to the decorated barge of the sultan, they display taste and elegance. The motion is very pleasant, the caique settling to the edge of the water, and scarcely anything being seen but the head of the passenger, the ornamented prow of the caique, and the boatman. The sultan's boat

is truly magnificent, and its effect on the bright, beautiful waters of the Golden Horn is truly enchanting. "It is seventy-seven feet long by only twelve broad, is rowed by twenty-six men, and has a sort of pavilion thrown over the part which he occupies, with red velvet curtains, richly trimmed with gold embroidery. The caique itself is white and gold, and on the prow is a gilt dolphin, on whose back is perched an eagle. It is described as looking like a golden snake on the waters, as it glides along with great rapidity, and by its side everything else must look coarse and clumsy."

The party obtained a boat large enough to take them all in, and they crowded together ; and as they skimmed over the water, they laughed, sang, and conversed together.

"About the sultan, father?" asked Walter.

"What about him?"

"What is his name?"

"Abdul Medjid."

"How old is he?"

"He was born in 1822. You can calculate for yourself."

"Let me see. It is now 1861. He must be—thirty-two is ten; forty-two is twenty; fifty-two is thirty; sixty-two would be forty; one taken away makes thirty-nine. A younger man than I supposed."

"He is a young man, but is said to look much older than he is."

"Whose son is he?"

"The son of Mahmoud II."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Kind, but weak-minded and powerless in the hands of his ministers, it is said."

"Do you know what kind of a looking man he is?"

"No, only by descriptions."

"What are they?"

"I remember that one who saw him when he was only sixteen years old, gives a description of him, as he went by a land route to the mosque."

"What was the description, father? Do, give it," said Minnie.

"It was substantially like this. 'We set off,' says the narrator, in words something as follows, 'very early to secure a good station at the Mosque of Lalileh (the Tulip), which was the one selected for the young sultan's first procession to prayers by land, for hitherto he had always gone in a state caique. Nothing could less answer one's ideas of eastern magnificence than this procession, which consisted merely of a dozen led horses, though these were handsomely and richly caparisoned, followed by a suite of not above thirty or forty officers of rank, and a body-guard, who were but a mean-looking set of men, little superior to the ordinary

Turkish troops. They have adopted the European dress; but this being ill-fashioned, ill-made, and still worse put on, gives them a very slovenly appearance. Last of all came the sultan himself, Abdul Medjid, (son of the Most Glorious), riding alone through the entrance porch of the mosque. He had the distinction of a magnificent diamond aigrette in his scarlet fez, and of a large jewelled clasp, which fastened his long brown cloak tightly about the throat. The cloak itself covered the back of his horse, and nearly touching the ground, produced almost a grotesque effect.

“Although but seventeen, Abdul Medjid looks at least ten years older; he has a sallow complexion, with a most melancholy expression of countenance, which you could hardly call either interesting or disagreeable. The most striking point about him was his extreme apathy to all surrounding objects; his eyes seemed rivetted between his horse’s ears; he never bent in the least from his erect position; and even in descending from his horse, every movement seemed like that of a piece of clockwork.’ This was a description of the sultan when he first came to the throne. He is now represented as a melancholy looking man, appearing some ten or fifteen years older than he really is, delicately formed, of medium height, dark heavy eyes, and pallid features.”

“Oh, I do hope we shall see him to-day.”

“We probably shall.”

"Has he any wives?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Five."

"Will they be with him?"

"No, child."

While thus conversing there were certain indications that the sultan was leaving his palace, and embarking for the other side, and soon his glittering caique was seen swiftly glancing over the sparkling water, and our travellers at once turned in the same direction. The sultan landed at Topana, and the party had a very fine opportunity of seeing him as he disembarked. The descriptions of him given above will answer for him as he appeared at this time. His eyes were downcast, his look sad and melancholy, his step feeble and hesitating, and there was nothing about him to betoken the prince of a great empire.

"I don't like the looks of him," said Minnie to Walter.

"Why not?"

"Because there is nothing kingly about him."

"But he has a benevolent look."

"Y-e-e-s, he does."

"Why do you say y-e-e-s in that way for?"

"Because it does not mean much, Walter."

"I think benevolence goes a great way."

"I don't; in a sovereign, I want to see something

majestic and noble in the ruler of a nation. There are many benevolent-looking men in the world. The sultan ought to look kingly."

"Minnie, you are a strange girl."

"But I am not strange in that idea. Am I, Mr. Tenant?"

"No, Minnie, I don't think you are. We all like to recognize something grand in the physical structure of a great monarch."

"Well," replied Walter, "we have been disappointed thus far in the looks of reigning monarchs."

"Perhaps we have, but in each case we have felt that disappointment, for somehow we attach to the idea of a king or an emperor, dignity, monarchical bearing, and an imposing appearance."

"He does not look as if he had long to live," remarked Mrs. Percy.

"No, death seems to have marked him for a victim, if his personal appearance is any indication," replied her husband.

These anticipations of the speedy death of Abdul Medjid were soon realized, for the sultan died soon after the Percy family were in Turkey, and the next oldest brother, according to Turkish law, took the throne, on which he now reigns. This brother Abdul Azz, is much more competent for his work as ruler than was Abdul Medjid. In personal appearance he is more prepossessing, in his ideas of

progress, taste, and improvement, he is far in advance of his brother, and doubtless will make a more efficient ruler for Turkey. A little story is told of him which may illustrate his character, while it may interest the young reader. Soon after he took the reins of government the Valide Sultana, agreeably to old tradition, purchased a young slave, the most beautiful that could be found in the capital. She dressed her out in jewels and the richest clothing, and offered her to her son. "Who is that female?" demanded Abdul Azz. "The slave whom, according to custom, I offer you on your accession to the throne," was the reply. "I have nothing to say to her," replied the Sultan; "have I not a wife, whom I love? Let me hear no more of such customs and such presents."

Having seen the sultan the party again entered the caique, and slowly moved out upon the waters of the Golden Horn. The harbor was full of shipping. Steamers just arriving or just departing had steam up all ready for action. Huge ships with fluttering flags and streaming pendants lazily rode at their moorings. Beautiful caiques darted about in all directions, and the scene was very novel and very brilliant.

"Let us spend the day on the water," said Minnie.

"O yes, yes," cried her brother.

"I agree," said Mr. Percy, "what say all the rest?"

It was decided to use up the day in some water excursion, without a dissenting vote.

"Now, where shall we go?" asked Mr. Tenant.

"Let the ladies decide," answered Mr. Butterworth.

"Yes, yes," was the answer of several.

"Well, Mrs. Percy," asked Dr. Forestall, "where shall we go?"

"If it is left to me, I can decide easily."

"O where, ma?" asked Minnie.

"To the Sweet Waters of Asia."

"Where is that?"

"Some distance from here; a watering place of the Turks, and a great resort of people of fashion."

"Oh, let us go!"

So all said, and the boatman was instructed to take them to the Sweet Waters of Asia. In about an hour and a half they reached that beautiful resort. They found a large number of persons assembled, mostly Europeans, and in the pretty valley, beneath the cypress trees, spent an hour or two delightfully. They then returned, and darting up the Golden Horn, landed at the point nearest their hotel, having had a most delightful day, and every one being pleased with what they had seen.

"What has pleased you most to-day?" asked Mr. Percy of the young people as they were climbing the hill to the hotel.

"The sultan's caique," replied Harry. "We

have seen nothing to-day that pleased me so much as that. Wasn't it grand?"

"Very pretty, indeed," replied Mr. Percy. "But what have you been most pleased with to-day, Walter?"

"Well, I was most pleased to see the sultan himself. The caique I could see any time, and it was only a gilded boat after all. But as I have seen most of the crowned heads of Europe, I was much pleased to see Abdul Medjid, because I should probably never see him again."

"Now there is Minnie, looking wondrously wise—I wonder what she has been most pleased with?"

"Neither the sultan, that stupid-looking creature, nor his caique, which reminds me of a striped sea-serpent or a travelling circus barouche that has been painted up for the band to ride in, and which——"

"Quite graphic!" interjected Harry.

"Let her go on," said her father.

"Oh, I was only going to say that the Sweet Waters of Asia were much the most delightful sight I have seen to-day. Wasn't that place really beautiful?"

"Which did you like best of all we have seen to-day, ma?" asked Walter.

"I like the whole," said Mrs. Percy smiling. "The caique in which we started out was a great novelty. When I first got into it I thought we should be upset; but as soon as I got accustomed

to the motion, I liked it very much. Then when the sultan's barge shot across the water, I thought that was a very pretty sight. It looked beautifully on the water. Then I was much interested in seeing the sultan. There is always an interest felt in seeing a man of note, or a ruler of a nation. The sight of Abdul Medjid gratified a laudable curiosity which I had. Then I was delighted with the Sweet Waters of Asia, and our return voyage was very pleasant to me, and now I am much interested in seeing the hotel, and getting to dinner."

"O what a non-committal woman!" exclaimed Minnie.

"Not non-committal, for I have committed myself on every point. I have enjoyed everything I have seen."

"But we wanted you to decide with one or the other of us."

"That I could hardly do, for as I looked at each object from a different stand-point, I liked them all."

"Well, ma, you dodged the question. We wanted to commit you on one side or the other."

"Ah, my little girl, you did not do it."

They now reached the hotel, and on entering heard a violent commotion. The people were running together into one of the parlors, and loud voices, as if in anger, were heard issuing from the room.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Percy of an excited servant.

"Don't know, sir."

"What is the matter?" he inquired of a gentleman who was rushing through the hall.

"Can't tell, sir."

"What is the trouble?" he said, appealing to a lady who was coming from the parlor.

"A fight, sir, I believe,—dreadful, sir."

Mr. Percy pressed his way to the parlor, and there on a divan he saw a gentleman lying insensible, while several persons were bathing his head and face to resuscitate him.

"What is it?" he asked of a person in the room.

"Why sir, two English gentlemen who had some business quarrel many years ago, met in the hall of this hotel. They recognized each other. Words ensued, and one of them lifting his cane smote the other to the earth, and fled. We took the poor man in, and laid him here. See he is coming to."

They soon found that the man was not badly hurt, but was able in a few minutes to walk to his room, and the people separated, and in little groups entered into conversation on this unusual transaction.

Mrs. Percy having an hour before table time used it to impress upon the minds of the two boys the folly of revenge.

"See here," she said, "here are two men who had a matter of dispute years ago. They have cherished a feeling of wrong until this time, and

now, having met accidentally, come to blows. In anger one struck the other a blow which but for the averting hand of God, might have killed him. What sorrow would have been caused if the blow had been fatal. Perhaps this man has a wife and children. How dark would their home have become, if this strife had ended as the man who fled supposed it had, in the death of his enemy! How would that wife and those children have mourned! How long they would have been clad in robes of sorrow! And the man who struck the blow—he would not have been permitted to return to his home. His family would have been loaded with sorrow, and he would have expiated his offence on the scaffold, or been a life-long fugitive, bearing a burden like Cain of old.”

Thus with many words she endeavored to impress upon the two boys the importance of forgiveness of injuries, and urged them to restrain their tempers, and guard against any outbreak of passion. And all the boys who read this book, may well learn the same lesson. He that is violent in his temper, hasty in his speech, is always in trouble, and a man should guard his temper with the greatest care. The forgiveness of injuries is Christ-like, and worthy the practice of every one who hopes to be forgiven. Fighting boys, and quick-tempered, rash, hasty men, are liable to commit the greatest wrongs, and are

indeed to be pitied, while he who forgives and forgets, shows a noble spirit.

“Be not swift to take offence;
Let it pass!
Anger is a foe to sense;
Let it pass!
Brood not darkly o’er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

“Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass!
As the unregarded wind,
Let it pass!
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve;
’Tis the *noble* who forgive.
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

“Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away
Like the dew drops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let them pass!
Let them pass!

“If for good you’ve taken ill,
Let it pass!
Oh! be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass!

Time at last makes all things straight ·
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great ·
 Let it pass !
 Let it pass !

“ Bid your anger to depart,
 Let it pass !
Lay these homely words to heart,
 ‘ Let it pass !’
Follow not the giddy throng :
Better to be wronged than wrong ;
Therefore sing the cheery song—
 Let it pass !
 Let it pass !”

Tinkle ! tinkle ! tinkle !

“ The dinner bell, ma,” said Minnie, who had listened to her mother’s instructions.

“ Then we will go to the table, but let the boys remember what I have said about hasty temper.”

“ I will,” said Harry, as he gave his arm in a very gentlemanly way to Mrs. Percy to escort her to the dining-room.

They found the gentlemen of the party in the parlor, and together they took their places at the table, where they sat for an hour, eating dinner and conversing upon the incidents of the day. Dinner was served so late that Minnie and her mother could not go out again, but the gentlemen with Walter and Harry took a night stroll through some of the streets of Pera, and stayed so late that Mrs. Percy began to fear that they had met with some trouble. But all is well that ends well.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

"THERE is one thing I would like to do while we are in Constantinople," said Dr. Forestall, one morning as they sat at the breakfast table.

"What is that?" asked several of the party.

"I would like to go to some good artist, and have a photograph of the whole company taken. We have now been together for a long time, have had no disagreements, and a photograph with all the faces would be a very pretty souvenir of our tour."

"We had better do that when we arrive in Paris," said Mr. Tenant.

"We shall not all be in Paris at the same time. Besides we have not touched a razor to our faces since we left home, and if we have a photograph it should be in our Syrian costume, with our unshorn faces and long beards. To be taken in Paris would not answer the purpose I have in view."

"Are you sure there is an artist in Constantinople that can do it well?"

"I don't know, but suppose there must be."

"We could try it."

"I would like it if the others are of the same mind."

"I am of that mind, doctor?" said Harry.

"So am I," echoed Walter.

"How are the gentlemen on the subject?"

"I am willing to go if the rest do," said Mr. Dunallen.

"So will I," replied Mr. Allston.

And so said they all; and it was concluded to go out in the early part of the day, and see what could be done.

"Shall mother and Minnie go?" asked Walter.

"Of course," answered Mr. Tenant.

"Certainly," said Dr. Forestall.

"I should wish to be excused," said the lady in question.

"Oh no," said all but Mr. Percy.

"I think I must be. I was not with you on your Syrian tour, and am not ambitious of figuring in your picture of unshaven faces."

"May I go with them, ma?" asked Minnie.

"No, my dear."

"Why not?"

"Let the gentlemen and boys have their photographs, and we will have ours taken singly, and it will be the better."

"So I think," said Mr. Percy.

It was so decided, and after breakfast, leaving

Mrs. Percy and Minnie at the hotel, the others sallied out to find a photographer who would do the work for them. They were not long in finding such a man, and were ushered into a gallery, where were found as fine specimens of the art as could be obtained on Washington street in Boston, or on Chesnut street in Philadelphia.

"You will be the spokesman for us, Mr. Tenant," said Mr. Percy.

"No, you try it."

So Mr. Percy asked the man if he could take a photograph of the group, and finish up a dozen copies by the next day.

"No, sir."

"Will there not be time enough?"

"No."

"Then it will be no use for us to sit."

"But I can send them to England for you."

"We are not Englishmen."

"Pardon me, I thought you spoke the English language."

"We do."

"And not Englishmen?"

"No."

"What, French?"

"No."

"What nation, pardon me?"

"Americans."

"Oh, I can send them to America."

"That would not be worth the trouble."

"No trouble."

"We will not try it."

"Then I can make a plate for you, and you can have them printed when you reach America."

"Ah, how?"

"I can prepare the plate so that you will have no trouble with it."

Mr. Percy then conversed with the rest of the party, and as they would not meet in Paris until after they had abandoned their travelling suit, they thought they would have the plate made, and the pictures printed in America. The photographer, on being told of that, at once went to work to prepare his apparatus. While thus employed the gentlemen waited, and Walter picked up some valuable information in reference to photography.

"What does the word photography mean?" asked Walter of his father.

"Photography comes from two Greek words, which signify *light* and *to write*, so that photography is *writing by light*."

"How long has the art been known?"

"For many centuries sun-printing was practised by the ancients, but the art was in a very imperfect state."

"But who developed it in modern times?"

"Daguerre, a Frenchman, gave great impetus to the art, and brought it to considerable perfection."

“ Oh, then that is why we call those sun-prints daguerreotypes ?”

“ Yes.”

“ And who developed the photographic art ?”

“ One Mr. Talbot.”

“ Was he a Frenchman ?”

“ No ; he was an Englishman.”

“ I wish an American could have discovered the process.”

“ National pride.”

“ Well, don't you ?”

“ An American brought the invention to a still higher perfection of art.”

“ Ah ! that is talking right.”

“ The Americans are seldom behind their European rivals in anything.”

“ Who was the American ?”

“ Dr. Draper, of New York.”

“ What did he do ?”

“ He applied the art to the practical work of taking likenesses from real life.”

“ Did he bring the art to its present perfection ?”

“ No.”

“ Who did ?”

“ An Englishman.”

“ Who was he ?”

“ Mr. F. Scott Archer, who discovered the collodian process.”

"Then France, England, and America have each had a share in perfecting this great art."

"Yes."

"Do you suppose any new discoveries will be made?"

"Certainly."

"What improvement can there be?"

"Oh, many. The art is yet very imperfect as any photographer will tell you."

"What use is being made of the art besides the taking of human likenesses?"

"Many."

"What are they?"

"Why Raphael's cartoons, and several other works of art, that could not well be copied, have been photographed."

"I should think hieroglyphics could be copied in this way."

"They can. The Emperor of Russia is having an ancient Greek manuscript of the New Testament, discovered by Tischendorf, photographed."

"Where did he discover it?"

"At Mount Sinai."

"All ready, gentlemen," said the photographer, interrupting the conversation between Walter and his father.

The two boys and the two smaller men, Mr. Allston and Mr. Damrell, then took seats in chairs as near as possible to each other. Behind them stood

the others of the party, some in one attitude, and some in another, to give ease and freedom to the picture.

"All ready," said the artist, as he let the light come to his instrument.

They all were very still, and not a person moved.

"It is done," said the artist.

The boys sprang from their chairs, and the gentlemen changed positions, and waited until the photographer brought out the plate.

"A very good one, gentlemen," he said, emerging from his little side-room, which he used as a laboratory.

"Let me see it," said Mr. Tenant.

He took it in his hand, turned it round, and tried to examine it, and then handed it to Mr. Percy. The various members of the group passed their judgment upon it, and though they were all confident it was not a good one, they thought best to take the judgment of the artist, who was accustomed to look at the negatives, and who would be sure to detect the wrong if there was any.

"How much are we to pay?" asked Mr. Percy.

"One pound."

"Cheap enough."

"I think so."

The party afterwards found that it was dear enough, for when Walter went to an artist in

Paris, and asked him to strike off one or two copies, he condemned it at once.

"Where did you get this?" he asked.

"In Constantinople."

"It is worthless."

"What is the matter with it?"

"Why, all the gentlemen standing did not come within the focus, and will hardly be seen in the picture."

"You may strike off a half dozen," said the boy.

"It is not worth it," persisted the artist.

But Walter, who had been sent by his father to have it done, concluded to have six copies finished up. When they were done, it was just as the artist said—they were worthless.

So ended the photographs.

On leaving the rooms of the artist in Constantinople the company separated, and went in different directions. Mr. Percy took the two boys, and went to the water-side, and, securing a caique, started out for a boat-ride on that beautiful sheet of water. They had no sooner got out from land, when Walter turned the conversation again to the subject of photography. He wanted more information upon a subject which interested him very much.

"Did Daguerre make his discoveries himself?" asked he.

“Himself! What do you mean?”

“Why, was it all original with him?”

“No. The experiments of other men led him on. He had the results of the investigations of others. Besides, he had a partner in scientific investigations, who was connected with him by articles of contract.”

“Who was he?”

“M. Niepce.”

“I never heard of him.”

“I suppose not. But he was a man of great scientific attainments, a man of wealth, who had much time and money to devote to his favorite pursuit. His discoveries he has given to the public. He gives the following facts in relation to the art as he had developed it. ‘The discovery which I have made,’ he says, ‘and to which I give the name of heliography, consists in producing spontaneously by the action of light, the gradation of tints from black to white, the images received by the camera obscura. Light in its state of composition and decomposition acts chemically upon bodies. It is absorbed, it combines with them, and communicates to them new properties. Thus it augments the natural consistency of some of these bodies; it solidifies them even, and renders them more or less insoluble, according to the duration or intensity of its action. The substance which has succeeded best with me, and which concurs most imme-

diately to produce the effect, is asphaltum of bitumen of Judea, prepared in the following manner :— I fill about half a wine-glass with this pulverized bitumen. I pour upon it drop by drop the essential oil of lavender, till the bitumen can absorb no more. I afterwards add as much more of the essential oil as will cause the whole to stand about three lines above the mixture, which is then covered and submitted to a gentle heat, until the essential oil is fully impregnated with the coloring matter of the bitumen. If this varnish is not of the required consistency, it is to be allowed to evaporate slowly, without heat, in a shallow dish, care being taken to protect it from moisture, by which it is injured and at last decomposed. A tablet of plated silver is to be highly polished, on which a thin coating of varnish is to be applied cold with a light roll of very soft skin; this will impart to it a fine vermilion color, and cover it with a very thin and equal coating. The plate is then placed upon heated iron, which is wrapped round with several folds of paper, from which, by this method, all moisture has been previously expelled. When the varnish has ceased to simmer, the plate is withdrawn from the heat, and left to cool and dry in a gentle temperature, and protected from a damp atmosphere. The plate thus prepared may be immediately submitted to the action of the luminous fluid in the focus of the camera.

But even, after having been thus exposed a length of time sufficient for receiving impressions of external objects, nothing is apparent to show that these impressions exist. The forms of the future picture remain still invisible. The next operation, then, is to disengage the shrouded imagery, and this is accomplished by a solvent. Into this solvent, which it appears is formed of essential oil of lavender and oil of white petroleum, the silver tablet is plunged, and slowly the picture begins to appear. The plate is then lifted out, and held in a vertical position, till as much as possible of the solvent has been allowed to drop away. The pictured tablet is now carefully washed by being placed upon an inclined plane, over which a stream of water is carefully poured.' ”

“But, father, that is not the precise method of taking pictures now—is it?”

“No ; great improvements have been made.”

“Did these men, Daguerre and Niepce, make great fortunes out of the art?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Because other men entered into their labors before they had brought the art to perfection.”

“I should have thought that government would have rewarded them.”

“Oh, it did to some extent.”

“What government?”

"The French government, of course."

"What did it do for them?"

"It gave to Daguerre a life-pension of six thousand francs."

"Did they do anything for his partner?"

"Yes; a pension of four thousand francs were given him."

They sailed along slowly, nothing being said for a few minutes, when Walter broke the silence.

"Father!"

"What, my son?"

"I have been thinking."

"What about?"

"That it would be very nice to have a camera, and the various instruments for taking photographs."

"What would you do with such an apparatus?"

"Take likenesses, to be sure."

"I guess they would be likenesses."

"I think I could take them."

"Perhaps you could after some practice. But where would you keep the apparatus?"

"In the large upper room which is never used."

"Ah, yes; and there are skylights there."

"Yes, sir, all right for it."

"Should you like such an apparatus?"

"Yes, sir, very much. Will you let me have it?"

"When we return to America I will see what it will cost, and unless it is a too expensive plaything, I will get it."

"Plaything?"

"Yes."

"It will not be a plaything, father."

"What other purpose it will subserve I do not know."

"I will get information from it, and I will——"

"Oh, he will become a Daguerre, and astonish the world with his inventions," said Harry, laughingly.

"Now you must laugh at me."

"Well, it is laughable, I declare."

"I don't think so."

Nor did it prove to be so; for, when the party got back to their own land, Walter remembered the promise his father made him, and induced him to purchase at small cost a second-hand photographic apparatus, and Walter became an expert in its use. He took the portraits of all the members of the family, and then he got instruments for taking buildings and landscapes, some of which were very finely done.

Mr. Percy and the two boys remained out upon the water two or three hours, looking at the shipping, sailing round Seraglio Point, or floating along with the currents. When it was

proposed to return, Walter took the oars, and while the boatman took his frugal lunch urged the caique toward the landing, at which they soon arrived.

CHAPTER XIV.

ABOUT TOWN.

THE traveller in Constantinople will be pleased in walking through the long, narrow streets, and the dark, close bazaars, in seeing many new and strange objects peculiar to that city ; and the last day our party remained there they went out in this way. Leaving the hotel early in the morning they started forth to see the streets and the people, without any definite idea of visiting any particular places. Mrs. Percy was left at the hotel, and found amusement as best she could.

Crossing the bridge of boats, the party was soon in the bazaars, where several purchases were made. The bazaars of Constantinople need not be described, as they are like those of Damascus and other oriental cities. The narrow streets covered with matting, the little stalls where the goods are kept, the traders with their curious costumes and singular ways, the buyers representing every nationality beneath the sun, constitute one of the most showy and attractive scenes to be witnessed in the East. Few travellers ever tire of walking through

these labyrinths of stores, and gazing at the fancy articles displayed for sale.

Mrs. Percy purchased several little articles for friends at home; Minnie remembered little Charlie; while Walter bought an elegant camel's hair scarf, and when Harry asked him who it was for, he blushed, and would not tell.

"Tell us, Walter, do," said Harry.

"No."

"What are you afraid of?"

"Nothing."

"Then why not tell?"

"Because it does not concern you."

"O ho!"

"Don't ask him, Harry, I can guess," said Minnie.

"No, you can't," replied her brother.

"Let me try."

"Well, try it."

"Then I guess that you will want me to work a name upon it."

"What name?"

"R-o-s-e."

Harry laughed, and Walter looked as if he wished nothing had been said about it, for he had bought the scarf for Rose Thornton, a young friend to whom reference has been made, and who sent Walter newspapers and items of news from home, which he could have got in no other way.

From the bazaars they directed their steps toward the Porphyry.

“What is the Porphyry?” asked Walter.

“A burnt column,” said his father, “so called from having been scorched by a fire, which raged here, and of which it is now the memorial.”

“When did the fire occur?”

“In 1779.”

“What was the column a part of?”

“An old Roman palace, of the time of Constantine.”

When they reached the column they found it to be a tall shaft, covered with Greek inscriptions. The fire so injured it that it will hardly stand alone, and is supported by large iron bars. It was originally of great size, and is still an illustration of the magnificence of the palace of which it once formed a part.

Near by was the fountain of the thousand columns, an old subterranean reservoir, which is now used for manufacturing purposes. Four hundred and forty-four pillars, beneath the ground, support huge arches, and where once the waters gushed is heard the hum of the spinning-wheel and the monotonous calls of the workmen.

Another visit that day was to the armory, containing a rare collection of the various implements of war, both new and old. There were old helmets, breastplates, greaves, guns, swords, pikes,

and many a singular weapon, now rendered useless by the improvements in the art of war. Walter had seen the armory in the Tower of London and the armory of Paris, but what he saw here amused him more than they did. He was especially interested in a collection of swords worn by the sultans, among which was the Damascus blade of Mohammed II., and the flashing steel of Mustapha IV.

"What are those keys?" Harry asked, as they were shown several keys of burnished metal.

"The keys of the cities of Turkey," answered Mr. Tenant.

"Keys of cities? I don't understand."

"They represent the allegiance of these cities to the Sublime Porte."

"Oh yes, I see. Is there one for every Turkish city?"

"For every prominent city."

While Harry was looking at these keys, Walter was looking at the arms. He was pleased with the taste with which they were arranged. The swords were put together in the form of rosettes, the pikes in stacks, and the bayonets in stars.

"Don't you think this collection superior to that of France or London?" he asked of Dr. Fore-stall.

"It is more extensive than London, and less so than France—I judge from what I have heard of those collections, but you remember that I have not

seen either of them. You know we hurried through England and France."

"Oh yes, I forgot."

"You have seen the English and French armories?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what comparison do you make?"

"Why, doctor, the London Tower collection is not as extensive nor as well arranged, and, if I can judge, not as valuable as this, the horse armor in the Tower of London alone being superior. The Paris armory is rich with models, of which there are few here or in London. The Tower and this armory seem to be collections of antiquities. Most of the armor is obsolete. But, as far as I can remember the arsenal at Paris, it is full of models of bridges, steamships, battles, fortifications, defences, and walls. It looks as if it was designed for actual use, and not as a museum of antiquities."

From the armory they went to the hall of the Janizaries, where they saw a rich and rare display of the costumes of that singular body of men.

"I don't like to display my ignorance," said Minnie, as they looked at the costumes, and the countenances fixed in wax; "but I would like to know who the Janizaries were."

No one replied.

"Don't all answer at once," said the little girl, pettishly.

“Who do you wish to answer you?” asked Mr. Butterworth.

“Any one—you, if you please.”

“Well, the Janizaries were a body of Turkish soldiers, which——”

“What does the word mean? and what does it come from?”

“It is derived from *yeni* and *askari*.”

“What do these words put together mean?”

“New troops.”

“Yes, sir, I see; go on.”

“They were first organized in 1329.”

“By whom?”

“By Sultan Orchan; but the order was brought to perfection by Amurath I. in 1363. This sultan took one-fifth of his prisoners of war, and made soldiers of them. He selected the finest-looking, best-proportioned men from among those taken in war. He gave them great privileges, and they became the most famous infantry in the world.”

“Is it in existence now?”

“No.”

“When did it cease to exist?”

“After the death of Solyman the magnificent, the ranks of the Janizaries were filled up with Turks, who wished to live a life of idleness, and the institution became an indolent, turbulent order, that was dangerous to the safety of the state. They formed guerilla bands, doing mischief, claiming the

authority of the sultan. In 1798, Selim III. endeavored to put the Janizaries into the regular army, and destroy their organization by merging it into other forces and combinations."

"Did he do it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because his plan caused a revolt, which deluged the city with blood. A storm arose, which forced Selim to abdicate, and yet not satisfied with that the enraged Janizaries murdered him."

"Whew!"

"When Mahmoud II. came to the throne he pardoned them, and for a while overlooked their revolt. But he knew they were a dangerous element, and determined to annihilate them."

"Annihilate them? The order you mean."

"The order and the men."

"Just as Mehemet Ali did the Mamelukes."

"Yes."

"How did he do it?"

"He ordered the disbanding of the regiments of the Janizaries, and their incorporation into the regular army."

"I thought you said he wished to exterminate them?"

"He did."

"How would this do it?"

"He knew it would lead to revolt, and this would give him a pretext for their destruction."

"Oh, yes; I see."

"In May, 1826, the order was published, and a revolt followed at once. Mahmoud was prepared for it. He had his cannon planted everywhere. He had secured the religious teachers of the city, and all the army influence, and when the Janizaries rose, he opened upon them with his heavy artillery. The people, who in the days of Selim had joined with the Janizaries, now seeing the mufti displaying the sacred banners of Mahomet, the prophet of Arabia, joined at once with the forces of Mahmoud, and the slaughter of the insurgents took place."

"How many were killed?"

"About twenty-five thousand."

"Have they ever arisen since?"

"No."

"Was that the end of the institution?"

"Yes."

The boys who had been listening, were very much pleased with this account of a singular body of soldiers, of which they had often heard but of which they knew so little.

They soon turned their footsteps back toward their hotel, but the weather was warm, and the walk a long one.

"How dreadful hot it is," exclaimed Minnie.

"Somewhat uncomfortable," said her father.

"I wonder if they ever have any cool weather here?"

"Oh, yes."

"But not much, and not very cold, I suppose."

"Sometimes it is very cold."

"Is ice ever made in Constantinople?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"In the coldest winters the Golden Horn freezes."

"Does it? I thought that in all parts of Europe but the most northern the winters were mild."

"Sometimes, in the severe winters, the European nations are visited by the most intense cold. Because you have found the weather extremely hot since you have been in this country, you must not suppose that Greenland, Lapland, and Russia are the only places visited by severe winters."

"Well, it does seem to me as if the year would not be long enough for the thermometer to get down to cold weather."

"If you should spend a winter here, you would shiver with the cold as you do at home. The winters, however, are short."

"How low does the mercury go down in the coldest winters?"

"I don't know; but I have recently read of some very cold winters in Europe."

"What were they?"

“Why, it is said that ‘in 401, the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 768, not only the Black Sea, but the Straits of the Dardanelles, were frozen over; the snow in some places rose fifty feet high. In 822, the great rivers of Europe—the Danube, the Elbe, etc.—were so hard frozen as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 860, the Adriatic was frozen. In 991, everything was frozen; the crops totally failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1067, the most of the travellers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1133, the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea; the wine casks burst, and even the trees split by the action of the frost, with immense noise. In 1236, the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1316, the crops wholly failed in Germany; wheat, which some years before sold in England at six shillings the quarter, rose to two pounds. In 1339, the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued, that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. The successive winters of 1432–’3–’4 were uncommonly severe. It once snowed forty days without interruption. In 1468, the wine distributed to the soldiers in Flanders was cut with hatchets. In 1684, the winter was excessively cold. Most of the hollies were killed. Coaches drove along the Thames, the ice of which was eleven inches thick. In 1709, occurred the cold winter. The frost pen-

etrated three yards into the ground. In 1716, booths were erected and fairs held on the Thames. In 1744 and 1745, the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered in less than fifteen minutes with ice an eighth of an inch thick. In 1809, and again in 1812, the winters were remarkably cold. In 1814, there was a fair on the frozen Thames.' ”

“I never should have suspected such extremes of cold in Europe.”

“Well, daughter, let us hurry, the party are getting on ahead of us, and the gentlemen seem to me so busy that they have no time to be attentive to the ladies.”

So they hurried on, and overtook the others, who were some distance in advance of them.

They were soon at the hotel, and having partaken of a good dinner, Minnie sat down to tell her mother what they had seen that day. She entered with a great deal of minuteness into descriptions of the places they had visited. She did not forget to tell what she saw in the hall of the Janizaries, and of the account which the gentlemen gave of that strange troop.

While Minnie was thus engaged, Walter and Henry had gone out by themselves for a ramble about the city. They saw nothing new, though they met with two or three laughable adventures, which we have no room to narrate in this volume.

The gentlemen were engaged in making arrangements to leave Constantinople on the morrow. Tickets on board the steamer were to be procured, certain little luxuries for the voyage were to be provided, hotel bills to be settled, and several other little things to be attended to, and when all these were over, the hour for retirement had come, and while they are asleep this volume of their tour ends.

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